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Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. III.

THE STADT THEATRE.

Of the Sunday night allurements of the Bowery the beer gardens, although the most numerous, are not always the most absorbing. There are other means of entertainment which frequently claim a closer attention from the German community. The announcement of a new singer or an exciting drama at the Stadt Theatre sinks the gardens into immediate inferiority, and insures, by the keener flavor of its attraction, an audience larger in numbers, more liberal in clamor, and somewhat looser in deportment than any that the less ambitious of the surrounding resorts can command; and this, too, in spite of the advance in prices, which has the effect of compelling, in many cases, a most unwilling abstinence from the soothing pleasures of malt.

The Stadt Theatre stands in the midst of that lively district where on Sunday nights the Germans most do congregate. Where the throng is thickest—where the turmoil rises to its highest excess—where the sidewalk is a scene of perpetual struggling and writhing—there you will find it. It is not an imposing structure, nor yet is it altogether contemptible in appearance. You would consider it a fair specimen of a fourth-rate edifice. Its portal is ample, but the passage is seldom clear—for the cautious patrons, not to be taken unawares, cluster together in masses, and devote much time to the study of posters. But as managerial wisdom, gained by experience, reserves its most enticing programmes for the Sunday evening performances, the usual result is an impetuous assault upon the ticket-office, which only terminates when aisles and lobbies overflow, and officials come forth with earnest assurance that no inch of room remains.

An early entrance gives you a comfortable point of observation, and leisure to get yourself up on the bill of entertainment, which, being in the highest possible German, and rendered furthermore obscure by a peculiarly fantastic species of typography, naturally demands considerable scrutiny before complete comprehension is attained. After a proper amount of study, you are prepared to assert that the programme is a disingenuous production. You are even ready, if necessary, to proclaim it a delusive fiction, tolerably well calculated to mislead the innocent and unsuspecting American mind. For the first two words which it contains, in the English language, and more prominently printed than all the rest, are,

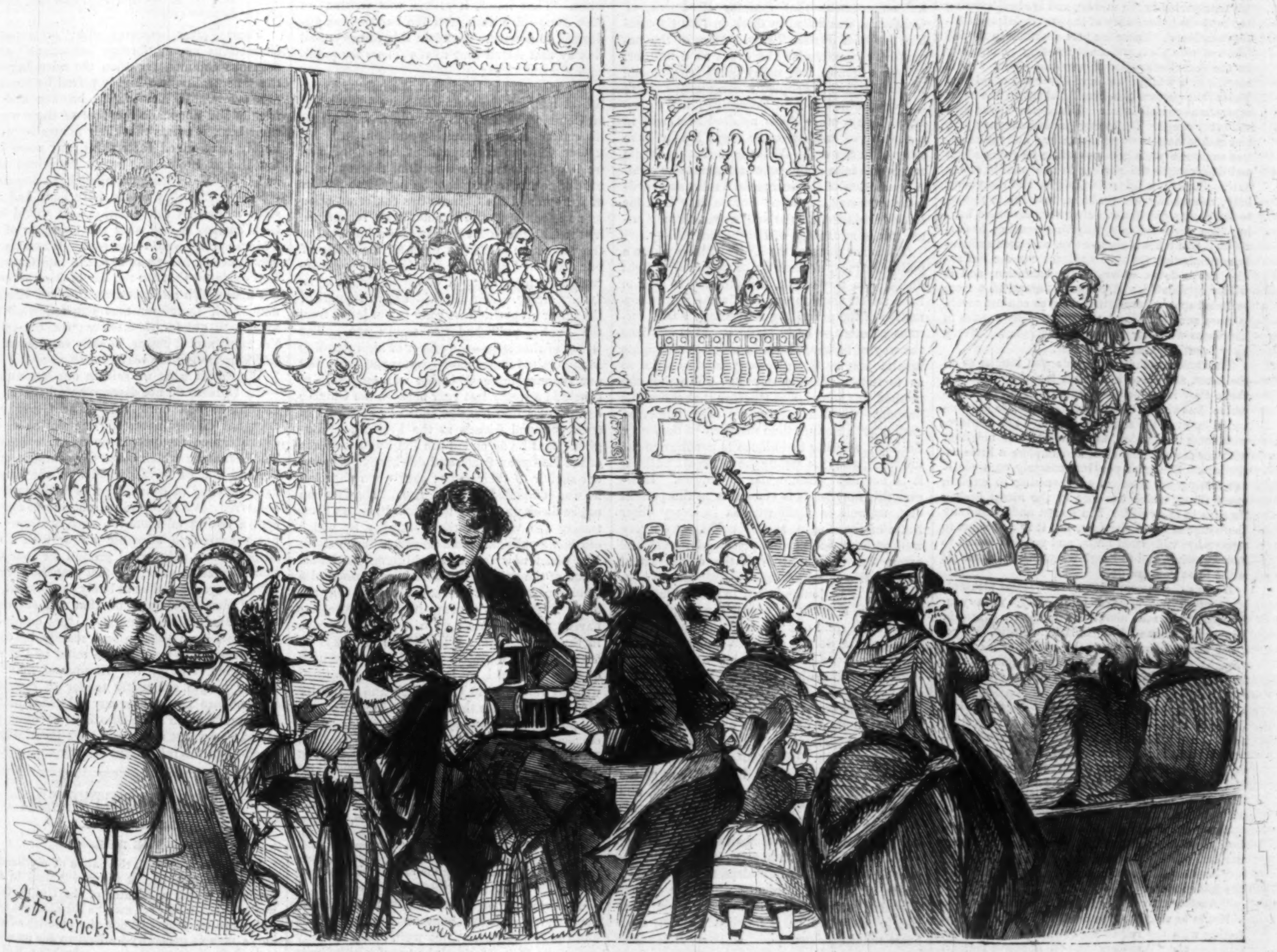
SACRED CONCERT;

and the rest, all in German, give the detailed order of coming events, here foreshadowed as short plays of the class known as "roaring farces," gay vaudevilles, and orchestral performances of quadrilles, waltzes, and other similar musical hilarities. You speculate upon the causes of this little symptom of mendacity. You wonder whether it arises from a desire to respect the sentiments of that portion of the community in whose eyes this sort of Sunday commemoration does not find favor; or whether it is an attempt to evade in one language the responsibility of what is done in another.

Your course of inquiry is cut short by the sense of increasing discomfort which you find yourself subjected to. The audience is flowing in steadily, and settling itself compactly. Like all around you, you are put upon a short allowance of seat. You are forced to undergo a process of compression which fills you with apprehensions as to the result. You grow warmer and warmer, until you boil with indignation. But reflecting that in the Stadt Theatre it is best for you to act as the Stadt Theatre-goers do, you endeavor to compose yourself, and to divert your attention from your own distress by the consideration of that of others.

But you are amazed to discover that nobody else appears disturbed. Beside you crowds a fair maiden, of the best type of German comeliness, who sits smiling and unconcerned, as if her life had been passed in an oven, or as if nothing were more natural to her than to be surrounded by flames, which, judging from her personal attractiveness, is not, after all, so improbable. Your own heart, perhaps, warms to her, but that may be in consequence of the general heat that prevails. Certainly she is a dulcifying object to contemplate. Light flaxen hair, falling profusely, half hides her face, but discloses one cheek, rosy with excitement, and the tip of an ear that must have forgotten to grow since her infancy. She turns, and you are dazzled by her big bright eyes, flashing like blue-lights with animation. She smiles, and you are partially intoxicated. She lets fall her handkerchief; with convulsive jerks and twists you stoop, grope, clutch it, and restore it; she thanks you audibly, and you are supremely blessed, notwithstanding the exertion, which was fearful, and which added double intensity to the humid fever which had already fastened upon you.

The impropriety of bestowing incessant gazes upon her occurs to you, and you start off upon a survey of the house. The hour for commencing the performances is close at hand, and the crowd has culminated. Humanity so closely packed you never saw before, not even in the beer gardens. Germans preponderate, but there is also a strong infusion of the Jewish element. Jews of all ages and two sexes are scattered around; old Jews with malignant countenances, unwashed and meanly attired; young Jews with half-developed cunning in their leer, tawdrily dressed and liberally jeweled, at whose watch guards you involuntarily look to see the symbolical three balls, and are disappointed at missing them; Jew damsels, stern and stately, and often marked by the particular beauty of their race. Of the Germans, you notice whole families sitting in rows, relieving the dreariness of delay by unsubdued jocularities. Some overanxious



THE NEW YORK GERMAN STADT THEATRE ON SUNDAY EVENING.

mothers bear infants in their arms, whose rising tendency to create disturbance by acute outcries they anxiously strive to restrain. There is one just before you, who cuddles her unruly charge in her arms, and tosses it aloft, and lays it very flat upon its back, and even goes so far as to walk up and down the densely-peopled passage with it, trotting it vigorously the while, but all in vain. A prolonged struggle ends in the triumph of the infantile instinct over the maternal blandishments, and baby is borne reluctantly away, the intention of the audience to utter derisive remarks as it departs being checked by the ominous frown of the father, who looks severely round, as to say, "I am the author of that child; moreover I am strong and my hand is heavy; therefore beware!"

Without the auxiliary of beer no establishment for German entertainment could exist. Here, as elsewhere, brisk lads circulate with teeming mugs freshly drawn from foaming fountains. They with difficulty respond to the unceasing applications which from all sides beset them. More solid nourishment comes in shape of cakes and candy and fruits, but mostly goes again disregarded. The universal impulse is beerward. Matrons and maidens share it with the rest.

Eight o'clock has passed, and no signs of vitality in the orchestra or upon the stage. First restlessness, then murmurs of impatience, then tumult indicate in turn the temper of the audience. Catcalls, distracting screams, and batterings of benches express a deep dissatisfaction. Then the regular Bowery tramp sets in, accompanied by the congenial melody of the Fest March, shrilly whistled by a hundred pairs of lips. This gives way again to a confused and desperate uproar, in the midst of which the gaslights blaze with sudden accession, and a long-drawn exclamation of content signifies that the troubled assemblage is pacified.

The orchestra appears, and, with all possible spirit, does the "Crown Diamonds" overture—music most glittering and brilliant, as the name it bears would suggest. The first play of the evening begins. It is called "The Uncle from the Provinces," and is evidently full of good things and smart things and funny things; for the audience swells and throbs in its mirth, and protrudes veins in the agony of circumscribed ecstasy. You look closely to see what it is all about. There is a scene which represents a country house, with a big balcony, and gardens blooming with red paint and gold leaf. There is an old gentleman, a sort of Sir Anthony Absolute, who is passionate by virtue of the conventional heavy stick and plethoric snuff-box, and respectable by reason of his white neckcloth. Fury and tenderness possess him in rapid alternation. He is imperfect in his part, but admirably conceals this deficiency by repeatedly ejaculating, whenever at a loss, "Mein Gott, Mein Gott!" until the prompter comes to his rescue. There is a young gentleman, who we know is a lover, because he wears white pantaloons and has his hair parted in the middle, and is always trying to shake the inflexibility of the provincial uncle beforementioned. There is a pert soubrette in the full blush of rose pink, and an interesting young lady in the deathliest pallor of prepared chalk, who is always in a white dress, and never out of misery. These four persons are hustled about in the most mysterious complication. The course of true love runs very rough. The young gentleman gets tipsy, and makes matters worse than ever; and the heartless soubrette peels potatoes while he raves about and disarranges the parting in the middle of his hair. Finally, a ladder is brought, and the young lady, conquering her timidity, resolves to ascend to the young gentleman's chamber, the stage having been darkened to signify that evening has arrived. She takes a step or two, and then suddenly remembering that the audience can see her ankles, drops down, covered with confusion, and is wildly applauded. A second attempt, in a more secluded spot, where intrusive eyes can not reach, is more successful, and the young lady carries in happiness with her through the window. Every body is satisfied, and all is over.

The little enchantress beside you laughs at all the jokes, and claps her hands together until you think they must be sore indeed. You, from imperfect knowledge of the language, fail to be penetrated by even the sharpest points. You venture, with some trepidation, to acquaint your neighbor with the state of the case, and implore a little assistance. She puts you immediately on a pleasant footing by graciously consenting to explain every thing, which she does in the nicest broken English in the world. You do not understand any the better after all she says, but it is a comfort to receive her whispered hints, and you feel bound to look knowing, and to laugh whenever she does. It is the least you can do.

During the intermission she converses pleasantly, though not always intelligibly, with you. Something is said about the excessive warmth. You summon one of the lads in waiting, and request her to honor you to the extent of a cooling draught at your expense—some lemonade, or a fragrant schoppin, or something of that sort. She smiles, and murmurs "Beer."

You wish she had not said beer. It jars against the delicate fancies you had indulged in respecting her. A stout lady in the seat behind becomes interested at the mention of beer. You learn that she is the mother of your pretty neighbor, and you find that a proposition to include a mug for her in the supply of the national beverage is received with evident favor.

The mugs are brought, are lifted, are set down empty. The celerity of the operation excites your wonder.

"Another, if you please," says the fair one with the golden locks.

"Another, if you please," echoes mamma.

Not to be singular, you swallow your unpleasant feeling with the remaining contents of your mug, and also say "Another," and the obedient lad performs his duty.

You are less inclined to receive explanations while the second farce proceeds. You perceive that it is boisterously merry, and that the faces of the audience assume a deeper tinge as they give themselves up to unrestrained delight. You fear that "redder yet those fires shall glow," and wonder if the spectators really are accustomed to this Pandemoniac condition of atmosphere. And yet you do not see any sufficient reason to doubt it. For yourself, you feel that you are not much used to the melting mood, and wish you were well out of it.

The stage is once more vacated and the soft voice of your neighbor rouses you. You talk a while. She is really good to look upon, but you recall the beer and are ill at ease. You believe that a thing of beauty is not in all cases a joy forever; not in the present, for instance. But still you will not be obdurate. You smile again, and at that moment she intimates, confidentially, that the previous beer was exceedingly refreshing. Of course you have only to call for more, in the absorption of which the complacent mamma will with pleasure join you. It is done.

"Another, if you please," says the chicken.

"Another, if you please," repeats the hen.

You feebly mutter "Another," and sink into torpor. The fact is that you have, from motives of pride, refrained from confessing that your limit is exceeded. It is true, nevertheless. You feel that if you keep on stupefaction will ensue. Already you shrink from polysyllables. But how is it with the maiden? Her eye is calm and her smile serene. How long can this continue?

Some cheerful quadrilles, by Strauss, now are heard. As they expire the softer music of the voice beside you fills your ear. It calls upon you.

What has she in her hand? It is a plate she has secured, laden with that horrible distortion, pretzel, and with cheese thickly overspread with mustard. She invites you to partake. Horror! at the same moment she accepts cheese, mustard, and pretzel, heterogeneously aggerated, within that beauteous mouth.

You thank her with some fervor, but decline. You remember a forgotten engagement which you hurriedly mention, and, heedless of the farces, the operatic fragments, and the dance music yet to come, you wedge through the multitude, and reach the open street and the free atmosphere much relieved.

You conclude, on reflection, that romance has no right to intrude at a Sunday night performance in the Stadt Theatre.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 22, 1859.

THE DEATH OF BRODERICK.

SOCIETY has been shocked by the announcement that Senator Broderick, of California, was killed in duel, on 13th September, by Chief Justice Terry. Most of the papers here characterize the event as a murder. It seems certain that many politicians, among whom Dr. Gwin occupied a conspicuous place, had determined to fight Broderick; had he escaped Terry, other duels awaited him, and in a country of marksmen he could hardly have escaped in the end. What note the California courts will take of the event remains to be seen. A conviction of the successful duelist can hardly be expected, perhaps; but we may look for some legislation on the subject which may enure to the advantage of Californian society.

There are parts of the United States where a politician must necessarily be prepared to fight duels. In the origin, the practice is said to have arisen from the want of some potent corrective of the prevailing rudeness of social customs among the early settlers. Men got into the way of fighting duels in order to anticipate insult; just as Texans carry bowie-knives so as to insure peace and order. Whether the method was sound, and whether it answered its purpose; whether duelists are more tender of each other's feelings than members of the Peace Society; whether turbulence is peculiar to the unarmed, and rare among the General Chollops, it is not now worth while to inquire. However this may be, it is clear that at the present day, as well in California as in every other State of the Union, society could get on very well without duels. No person of repute will assert that the abolition of the duello would now involve injurious social consequences.

Yet it is undoubted that, in many States of the Union, a politician who will not fight must stand aside, and can not command the popular suffrage. A doctor, a lawyer, a merchant may fight or not as he pleases, but a public man must be ready with the pistol. Whence comes the necessity?

We think the problem may be profitably studied by the light of general experience of human nature. Man is a carnivorous and bloody-minded creature. Civilization, even of the purest kind, only half tames him. Many of the best of men have a secret relish for blood, and slaughter, and horrors. Christianity prevents open fights of gladiators in public arenas; but our brutal instincts rebel against the privation, and Jenkins is tasked to serve us up in the papers daily accounts of murders, outrages, prize-fights, and horrid accidents, which are eagerly devoured and gloated over. No topic is as widely attractive as a fiendish murder, or a heart-rending catastrophe. If it were announced to-morrow that a man was going to jump from the top of the City Hall and dash his brains out on the pavement, the Park would be too narrow to contain the spectators. A public execution would draw a larger audience than Ullman's best opera troupe. The most experienced editor in New York, in reply to the inquiry what class of events created the greatest demand for his paper, unhesitatingly replied—A great prize-fight.

Political duelists are the prize-fighters of their part of the country. They are the only class of the community who are bound to please the public, and it is on them that the public rely for the gratification of their love of horrors. Jones and Smith, of Arkansas, may not like being shot at; but the people of Arkansas—like the rest of us—relish the excitement of a duel, and this is the price they set on their suffrages. They have no Jenkins to regale them with newspaper horrors, and they look to their politicians to supply the deficiency. Candidates for office among them they require to be fighting men, just as Mrs. Potiphar required her footman to have calves. In any other capacity in life these persons might dispense with the desired attributes. As a waiter, the candidate for the foot-board might be spindle-shanked, yet successful; as a merchant or a doctor, Jones might prosper without ever handling a fire-arm. But if they will be footmen and statesmen, they know the price.

The rule is not without its drawbacks. A man may be calved like Goliath of Gath, and yet be a stupid blockhead; and a mere duelist is not necessarily a profound statesman. On the other hand, it is possible to conceive an admirable servant with thin legs, and sagacious statesmen who do not care to look down the barrel of a loaded pistol. People who glut their love of horrors by insisting on dueling in their politicians pay the price of their fancy by losing the services of such men as these. Constituencies which will vote for none but duelists can not expect to enjoy the advantage of the services of thoughtful, conscientious, Christian-minded men. The flower of Nature's aristocracy will hardly submit to figure as prize-fighters for the entertainment of a brutal-minded rabble.

LIGHT BREAKING ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Beyond all question the most important document which has been published in reference to the recent affair of the Pei-ho, in China, is the letter from our representative, Mr. Ward, published in the New York *Times* of 11th instant. That letter, it seems, was written on 30th June—five days after the battle—was addressed to a private friend in this country, and was by that friend sent to the *Times* for publication.

We may say, in brief, that it confirms in the fullest manner the view which we have taken of Commodore Tattnall's conduct, and places his censors in an unenviable position.

Our Chinese correspondent has stated, and we have indorsed the assertion, that our attitude of neutrality between the maritime powers of Europe and the Chinese has conferred upon us no advantage, and has not been recognized by the Chinese; that we have been indebted to the protection of British guns for the safety of our trade in China, and for the slender opportunity we have enjoyed of concluding a satisfactory treaty. For the evidence in support of the latter proposition we refer to our letter from the Pei-ho, published two weeks ago. The writer of that letter—an officer of high standing in the United States navy—states positively that our representative in China was only able to conclude a treaty last year because the Chinese dared not refuse the demands of one who had such powerful friends as the French and English; that he ascended the Pei-ho in the wake of the European fleets, and did his business under shelter of their guns; that when they left he was compelled to leave also. The fact can not be dwelt upon with too much stress, as illustrating the value of the neutrality by which our home politicians and editors set such store. Mr. Ward now furnishes additional evidence. Some of the newspapers here have blamed him (and a newspaper correspondent says that the State Department concurs in the censure) for having mixed himself up with the Europeans in the negotiation. Why did he not, says an authority which claims to be inspired in high quarters, proceed to have his treaty ratified without reference to the French and English? Mr. Ward supplies the answer. He says:

> "We were in company with the other Powers, not by our own choice. I had desired to avoid all complication with them; and to secure this end I had left Hong Kong so immediately after my arrival as to draw on myself the censure of one of the Hong Kong journals. *The Chinese had themselves forced us into our present position, their Commissioners at Shanghai having insisted upon my waiting for the English and French Ministers, and coming with them.* In consequence of this we had been incessantly receiving from them acts of courtesy and kindness. Now, should they be successful, we should profit by their success. In opening the road to Pekin to their own Ministers, they would also open it to us."

In plain language, the Chinese at the Pei-ho made no distinction between the Americans and the Europeans. They were ready to ratify our treaty, if they ratified the treaties with Great Britain and France—which they were resolved to evade as long as possible; but there is not a tittle of evidence to show that any favors or consideration were reserved for us which were denied to the European allies. Mr. Ward's attempt to negotiate separately was at once frustrated by the Chinese. He must, they told him in substance, take his chance with the other outside barbarians.

We pity Mr. Buchanan if he has allowed the superficial reasoning which lately found vent in our newspapers to induce him to censure Mr. Ward for acting in concert with the representatives of England and France.

The point of the question, as we stated two weeks since, turns on the truth or falsity of the representation made to Mr. Ward by the Pei-ho officials, to the effect that he and the other embassadors must proceed to the north mouth of the Pei-ho, where they would find an escort of rank waiting for them, and prepared to conduct them to Pekin. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Shanghai, stated positively that after the battle Mr. Ward had sent messengers to this northern mouth, and had in effect discovered that the Chinese representations were correct, and that he and his colleagues were anxiously expected there. It was even stated that Mr. Ward had gone to Pekin. That gentleman himself seems singularly unaware of these various proceedings. He says:

> "As I would do every thing in my power for the fulfillment of my mission, I determined to make the effort [to reopen negotiations with the Chinese], and as soon as possible I sent a letter to the Governor-General of this province, who was said to be somewhere on the coast about ten miles from the forts. Yesterday I dispatched my brother, with the interpreters, in search of the place and the man. They left this anchorage in the *Toey-wan* about 11 A.M., carrying my letter, in which I informed the Governor-General that I was here under the treaty, and by the invitation of the Commissioners at Shanghai; that I was charged with an autograph letter from the President of the United States to His Majesty the Emperor, and asked him to provide me with means of conveyance to Pekin. The *Toey-wan* returned at 8 P.M., and my brother tells me that after going northwest along the coast, about ten miles from this anchorage, they discovered an inlet near a village which was strongly fortified. The *Toey-wan* could not approach nearer than four miles in consequence of the shallowness of the water. My brother, Mr. Martin, the interpreter, and Mr. Merchant, a midshipman, went ashore in the boat of the *Toey-wan*. At the approach of the boat the villagers began to fly. They succeeded, however, in holding communication with two of the Chinese, who stated that the Governor-General had gone over to the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and said they would deliver the letter to him. *These men said they had never heard of the United States of America, and warned the party that they had better return to their boat, as a large body of cavalry had been sent for, who were Tartar soldiers, and recognized no distinctions among foreign barbarians. While they were conversing with the Chinese a large body of cavalry, well mounted, actually appeared in sight, rapidly advancing toward them, and, as they returned to their boat, followed them to the water's edge.*"

These Tartar horsemen who "recognize no distinctions among foreign barbarians" are a delicious commentary upon the advantages of the "neutrality," so highly prized by some of our prints. If Mr. Ward's brother and his friends had not made the best of their way to their boat, it seems that their neutrality would hardly have saved their skins, any more than the United States flag saved American ships in 1857. Had these gentlemen been massacred—as it seems they would have been had they staid to discuss the question—it would have been curious to see what the eulogists of our Chinese policy would have said. When Canton was attacked two years ago, the late Governor Yeh declared that for the life of him he could not distinguish an American from an Englishman, and, therefore, that our fellow-citizens must look out for themselves; the officials in the north are, it seems, equally careless of distinctions among the barbarians.

We repeat what we said in our last number—the Chinese do not discriminate between the Europeans and ourselves. The Government does not discriminate; the mandarins do not discriminate; the people do not discriminate. The advantage which some Government prints pretend that we have gained over the English by our policy of conciliation is imaginary and delusive. We have gained nothing at all, except a saving of money. And, while we are not prepared to advocate a war with China without more substantial ground for hostilities than at present exist, the fact that the Chinese have always treated us as badly as the most active of their enemies, and that our successes, commercial and diplomatic, in that quarter of the globe, have hitherto been mainly due to the awe struck into the Chinese mind by the warlike manœuvres of the Europeans, ought to render people extremely tender of censuring Commodore Tattnall for any aid which he may have rendered to those who have so often protected us against those who have invariably injured us to the full extent of their capacity.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUEL.

No one familiar with the habits of civilized society can be surprised at the recent duel in California, in which a Senator of the United States was killed. Whatever may be the abstract moral judgment pronounced upon the practice of dueling, a man is generally justified by his associates if he fights with another man who has called him a liar or thrown a glass of wine in his face. We have not yet forgotten the question, "But what *can* a man do?" when a representative from this city in Congress was challenged by a representative from another State. The gravest people in the purlieus of Wall Street, who are absurdly called conservative, shrugged their shoulders, and said, "Oh yes, dueling is a great sin—a shocking business. But if a man challenges you, what *can* you do?" You can, at least, refrain from taking the advice of men who ask the question, and then you will have a chance of not being a murderer.

What is called "honor" by men of no moral principle or social decency—by black-legs, swindlers, and fancy "gentlemen"—is something so inconceivable that it can not be seriously discussed. That no question, not even relative skill in sporting or the use of the sword, can be settled by a duel is a truism. That a man does not prove another to be a liar by shooting him, or himself not to be dishonest by being shot, is no longer denied. The grand conservative argument for dueling urged by grave people is that it promotes public decency—that if a man knows he is to be held accountable for what he says, he will be very careful of his tongue.

The only difficulty with this argument is that it is entirely unfounded. The very case in point shows that it is so. Mr. Broderick knew, as well as Judge Terry or Senator Gwin, that when he had finished the canvass he would have to fight a duel. He was challenged when he began to speak, and he declined—but only until the election was over. He knew the men with whom he had to deal—the public opinion of the State, which justifies dueling—but for weeks he went about openly denouncing what he considered the dishonesty of his opponents, and endeavoring to show them to be the basest and most profligate of men. He knew distinctly that when speaking had ended shooting would begin. He knew that he would not be allowed to be quits with one duel, but that he must face the muzzle of many of the deadliest pistols in the country. In his case there was no running for luck. And how much did it restrain him? How many things did that knowledge prevent his saying? What possible decency of speech or manner did that consciousness impose upon the orator?

And so it always is, and always must be. When you attempt to promote public decency by the fear of personal peril instead of the loss of the esteem of good men, you simply invite bullies to bully. Mr. Broderick—who, from all we can gather, was deserving of sincere sympathy as a man who, although in public life, was probably becoming from year to year a better man and citizen—and Judge Terry, of whom we know only that he is a famous duelist—that the Vigilance Committee seriously thought of hanging him—and that he is Chief Justice of California—were both of them specimens of the kind of man that ripens under a system which recognizes dueling as an able ally of public decency.

If Senator Broderick, after having stated what he did, had refused to substantiate or to try to substantiate it, he would justly have incurred the condemnation of serious and thoughtful men. If he had refused to fight a duel, on the ground that a duel could not possibly settle any point in dispute, and that he had said only what he believed and was willing to prove, all the bar-rooms and clubs and race-courses and political groggeries in the country would have cried craven; and conservatism, asking, "What *can* a man do?" might have croaked a feeble Amen.

As it is, he is dead; and nothing is changed—nothing is touched. Not a single man will say or do any thing differently because he is gone. Nobody's honor is any brighter or better; nobody's character is any less tarnished; nobody's heroism is any more evident. The only practical result seems to be, that if the Chief Justice of California chooses to challenge any body, that body will be shot dead if the soul in it does not know how, or is afraid, to assert its rights.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE question is finally answered by our friend, O. L. R.:

"DEAR LOUNGER.—It is in New England alone that they understand the Indian Summer. It was there that the name first originated, and under those skies it is found genuine. Did not Halleck, Connecticut's poet, sing of it first and best? It is *due* there in the first fortnight in November, though it may sometimes be in such haste to bless that it comes too soon, and sometimes it arrives too late, labeled missent. It has been known to wait nearly till Christmas, and indeed I have seen two or three rival Indian summers in the same golden autumn, but that was when I was young. But it *always comes*.

"As for St. Martin's Summer, the people over the way in Europe all know that it is so called from St. Martin's day, which is the 11th of November, when the gales of chill autumn are sure to relent in honor of that gentle saint. In England they call it Martinmas tide. Well is the sweet season named for him, the loveliest of saints, the most famed for mercy and charity, who said to the devil when he reproached him, mockingly, for having received into favor the fallen and impenitent: 'Oh, most miserable that thou art! if thou couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, *thou* shouldst find mercy and forgiveness.' What particularly distinguished St. Martin was his sweet, serious, unfailing serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay; there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and pity for men. The legends about him are numerous and beautiful. Every one has heard that 'when a young soldier he met in the bitter winter a naked beggar shivering with cold, and he felt compassion for him, and having nothing but his cloak and his arms, he with his sword divided his cloak in twain, and gave one half of it to the beggar, covering himself as well as he might with the other half. And the same night, being asleep, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him, having on his shoulders the half of the cloak which he had bestowed on the beggar; and Jesus said to the angels who were around him, 'Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, hath done this!'

"On one occasion the Emperor invited him to a banquet, and wishing to show the saint particular honor, he handed the wine-cup to him before he drank, expecting, according to the usual custom, that St. Martin would touch it with his lips and then present it respectfully to his imperial host; but, equally to the astonishment and admiration of all the guests, St. Martin turned round and presented the brimming goblet to a poor priest who stood behind him, thus showing that he accounted the least of the servants of God before the greatest of the rulers of the earth. From this incident St. Martin has been chosen as the patron saint of cheerfulness and conviviality.

"I think I have proved that St. Martin of Tours is worthy of having the loveliest season of the year named for him, whose sweet pity loved to bestow warmth and good cheer for the bodies, and charity and love for the souls of men. Truly he deserved to be canonized.

"'For when the power of imparting good
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven.'

"O. L. R.

"NIGHTINGALE HOUSE."

A SECRET DISCOVERED.

ALL the time questions are being settled and problems solved, which the world hears of without any excitement, although they very distinctly extend the boundaries of human knowledge.

It is within six years that Captain M'Clure found the Northwest Passage, and now the *Fox* returns bringing tidings of the fate of the man who, by the circumstances of his career rather than by his success, must be called the most famous of Arctic explorers. And since we spoke of recent African discoveries, a great lake has been found, which lies across the equator, which, in connection with previous discoveries, solves the doubt that has so long hung over the sources of the Nile, and annihilates those Mountains of the Moon which the imagination had piled up as the back-bone of Africa.

The Northwest Passage question is now probably finally closed. At once the passage and its entire impracticability were discovered, and the fate of the last great explorer ascertained. Both discoveries, in different degrees, are matters of pride. For human instinct and resolution would not rest until it had found out whether there really was a passage, and whether Sir John Franklin were dead or alive. That the fate of a party which sailed into the jaws of boreal death thirteen years ago, of which nothing had been heard for twelve years, in pursuit of which so many lives had been lost and so many expeditions proved unavailing—which was apparently frozen up from human scrutiny forever, and the search of which governments had abandoned—should still so exclusively inspire one heart to press on until the mystery was plucked out of the ice, and the very day of the death of the man in whose end the whole world had been interested, and of which it had despaired, was determined, is a fact of moral sublimity. The importance of the fact discovered and its moral grandeur are entirely disproportioned. It was of no particular moment to know that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. But it is profoundly interesting to know that the Arctic Zone can not hold a secret so fast but that human ingenuity will melt it out.

ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THERE has been a great deal of discussion during the summer of the cases of unpunished and, so far as appears, unpunishable cruelties upon the high seas. There has long been an idea lurking in many minds that the sailor had about the hardest berth in the voyage of life, and the revelations that are made from time to time of his condition and exposure do not remove the impression. That a man, when he can do nothing else, can go to sea—that a criminal may not infrequently be pardoned if he will go to sea—that a bad boy must be sent to sea—that sea-ports have the worst reputation of all towns, and that the marine quarter is always the worst part of the town, are all facts that help compose the feeling of desolation which is, rightly or wrongly, so constantly associated with sailors and sea life.

Dr. Johnson's exhausted joke that going to sea was being imprisoned, with a chance of being drowned, becomes none the less pointed if you add—and with the certainty of being the jailer's slave.

In the character of the sailor himself there is often such a pathetic union of simplicity and experience—the habits of the man with the unsophistication of the child—that we speak of the "poor sailor" with an ease which would be impossible in speaking of other laborers. He has been all round the world so often, and has seen so little of it—he has trodden with such childish ignorance places that poets turn pale to remember, because, although not so poor as the sailor, they are not rich enough to go and see—he has hung so often suspended by a thread or clinging to a spar, in the midst of the most stupendous and sublime tumults of the elements—he has tossed and tottered so incessantly along the edge of death—he has seen such wonderful sights—heard such wonderful sounds—he has done upon his chip more than the fairy prince did upon his carpet—and he does not know it—he does not suspect it—it was only a long, long reefing and hauling—a high wind and a calm—a tack and a straight course—with brief intervals of abject idleness, lounging in the sun, spending like a lord the handful of money earned by the hardest labor—a girl's ghastly smile—a glass of grog—then Yeave ho! once more—and "a wandering grave" in the ocean, or a nameless one upon the shore.

This is not the life of all sailors, but it is that of the sailor. There are most noble and successful men among them, masters of ships and sailors of less degree, of a sagacity and heroism and intelligence which are unsurpassed. They, too, have the same characteristics—a clear, childlike simplicity and hearty bravery, which make them the preferred heroes of romance. The sailor is the darling of the novel. The poet puts him in his song.

Every now and then the public talks about him, and asks what it can do to help him. Just now it is engaged in that inquiry. What redress is there for offenses upon the high seas that are not piracy and murder? And Echo answers, Very little. "A Liverpool Merchant" has addressed a letter upon the subject to Mr. Samuel Whitbread, of the House of Commons, in which some ugly facts are very plainly stated. It is a very short letter, but it ought to have very long results. It ought to help open the eyes of Congress and of Parliament to the fact that something ought to be done. The author himself merely hints at measures that might be taken.

The truth is, that there is actually no redress at all for certain offenses upon the high seas. If an assault be made upon a vessel lying within the river or harbor jurisdiction of any country, the native authorities may take cognizance of it. But in case of assault four miles outside of Liverpool harbor, for instance, English law is powerless; and although it is made the duty of an American consul, upon complaint, to require that the accused shall be given up to him to be sent home for trial: this rule is limited by the Extradition treaty of 1842 to certain specified offenses, so that in the year 1856, when such a requisition was made by the American consul in Liverpool, after a verdict of manslaughter had been brought by a Coroner's jury against the third mate of a ship, the Home Office informed the consul that, as the offense was not included in the treaty, the man must be discharged.

But even when the American consul *has* power to send accused persons home for trial, he can not send all the witnesses. The most important witness sometimes refuses to go, and there is no help for it.

The most usual crimes are assault and abuse. By act of Congress the consul is empowered to fine the captain (if he be the offender, which "a Liverpool merchant" says is rarely the case) *three months extra wages!*

Clearly there should be a competent authority in every chief port of England and the United States to try every case. The author of this little pamphlet suggests that there should be a jury made up of the offender's countrymen resident at the port. How he would do in the case of sailors of other nations he does not suggest. But national charity is supposed, like all other, to begin at home. When we have once admitted that a practice is a public abuse, we are already far upon the road to remove it. In this case, to be sure, whatever is done must be done from pure humanity. But we still believe—despite somewhat rough experience—that the class of humane statesmen is not entirely extinct.

A VERY GOLDEN WEDDING.

NOT golden by virtue of the half century of wedded life which usually confers that auriferous distinction of title, but golden in its gorgeous profusion of vast disbursements and fabulous luxuries of open-handed outlay, was the wedding of Miss Frances Amelia Bartlett with Don Esteban Sancta Cruz de Oviedo, which took place on Thursday, the 13th of October, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city. It was an event of rare and regal interest. In its contemplation Society lost itself, months ago, beyond all power of recovery. The beauty and innocent youth of the bride; the wealth and birth and personal characteristics of her betrothed; and the reckless prodigality with which the shining path of preparation to the event was strewn, combined to attract the attention of fashionable New York with a magnetism wholly irresistible. Public feeling reached a height from which the descent—now that all is accomplished and over—must be difficult, if not dangerous. The mysteries of most sacred privacy were penetrated and openly revealed to the eager and excited world. No particular—delicate or otherwise—of the origin of the affair, its progress, its culmination, has been permitted to repose in obscurity. That Don Esteban first encountered the lady of his love last New-Year's Day while eating chocolate at the house of one of her friends with whom she was residing, and on whom he chanced to call; that he strove with earnest respect to pour fervent admiration through his interpreter into her ear; that his heart leaped with joy upon the hidden discovery that her lingual capabilities included his native tongue; that their two souls were thus welded by idiomatic sympathy, indissolubly and forever; that Don Esteban, overcome soon after by fever and ague, suffered in silent solitude until his chamber at the St. Nicholas was brightened, and the acuteness of his miseries were alleviated, by the tender and devoted visits of the true-hearted American girl; that his gratitude found sumptuous expression in ceaseless heart-offerings of the nature of glittering jewels and purest metals; that the bonds of affection, already made fast and firm, were afterward clenched with double force at Niagara and Saratoga; that for many months few hours had been occupied by the affianced pair otherwise than in symmetrically shaping the arrangements for their approaching union—all this, and much more, had been ventilated with an assiduity which proved beyond doubt the depth of concern experienced upon the subject by the "circles" of New York. Of circumstances less minutely personal, but not less important to the apprehension of public curiosity, many have freely circulated. The wealth of Don Esteban, who is known to be the possessor of some of the most valuable estates in Cuba, has received proper consideration. As to the number of millions over which he exercises control there has been dispute. Successive series of anxious feminine conclaves have failed to definitely settle the matter. Society has been distressed at its inability to determine whether the income of five or ten millions of dollars is lavished by the liberal Don, and has revenged itself by fastening with zeal upon every fragment of intelligence respecting his manners, customs, and appearance. It has discovered that he is fifty-five years old, and of short stature, somewhat shorter than his bride; that the deep Castilian tinge of his countenance finely relieves the blonde purity of her complexion; that the curl of his beard and the flash of his dark eye bespeak a bold energy and decision of character. It has discovered that a noble generosity animates his actions—a generosity first exemplified at a ball long ago given by him at the St. Nicholas, for which occasion he provided that the hair of every lady invited should be dressed at his expense, and since more clearly shown by his limitless expenditures in favor of his young bride and her friends. The examples are multitudinous, and can no more be gathered here together than ocean sands. The more prominent, however, are not unworthy of record. We know not where to turn with most of admiration—to the seventy-five gay and brilliant silks purchased of Stewart, and artistically fashioned into flowing robes by Genin; or to the gleaming coffers of snowy linen, richest in texture and adornment of any the city has produced, also perfected by Genin; or to the hundred pairs of boots and shoes, joyfully supplied by the same Genin; or to the mines of scintillating splendors which Tiffany and Ball were called upon to furnish. We are lost in an affluence of mazy wonder, and details crowd before our eyes in huge aggerations, inseparable in their compacted glory.

Impatient and querulous, Society yearned for the culminating crash. On Thursday, the 13th of October, it came. The nuptials were performed. The original intention of a double marriage, which had been contemplated, including both Protestant and Catholic ceremonies, was given over, the lady having decided to adopt the Roman Catholic belief. The scene of the event was St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott Street. Here the agony was concentrated. In early morning the bustle in the neighborhood gave evidence of the emotion that raged. The passages to the church were blockaded. Policemen, gilded and grandiose, impeded the free movements of democratic vehicles. Butchers were sent roundabout, and the sonorous cries of milkmen were unheard. The arrangements betokened nice distinctions of rank and station. Of the elegant cards of admission, some were stamped with the initial B in blue, some in red. Persons who had the blues were enlivened by a consciousness that the private entrance from Mulberry Street was open to them alone. The reds flushed with the unpleasant conviction that their position was with the Mott Street multitude. At ten o'clock the doors were opened. The throng which had by that time accumulated to a degree of fashionable jam not often known in that locality, pressed in, regardless of feminine rights, and wildly struggling and gesticulating in all the fury of anticipation. Loftiness and lowliness, dignity and degradation were strangely mingled. It was a curious conjunction of opposite extremes. In less than half an hour the Cathedral seemed filled to overflowing, yet still the crowd dilated. By eleven o'clock discomfort had taken possession of all. Terror seized upon some ladies, who forthwith fainted, and were confided to the arms of the police. As the morning progressed tumult set in, and by noon the Cathedral was in a closely packed uproar. But on the stroke of twelve a signal announced the approach of the bridal party and, for a time, hushed the spectators to silence.

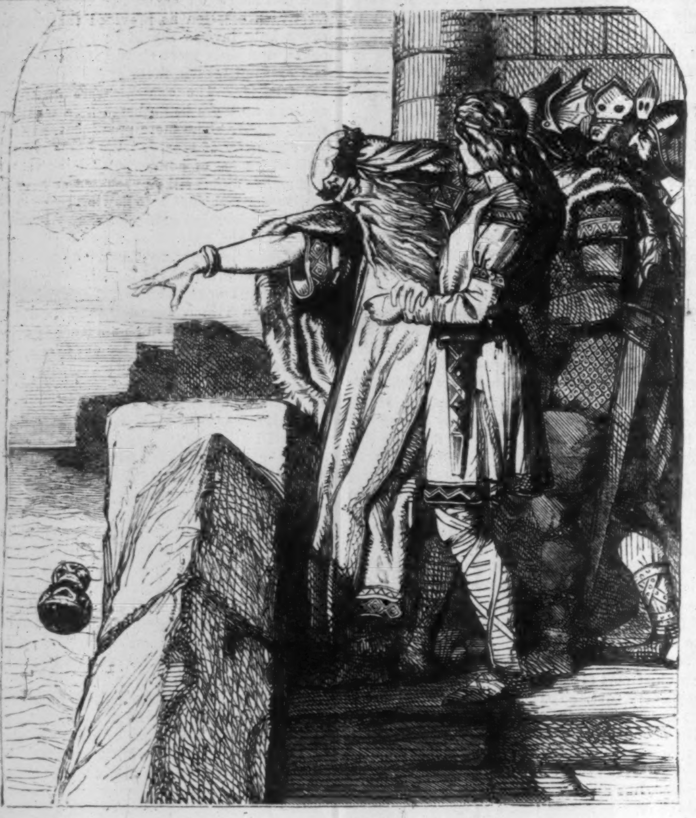
The bride appeared—at first view, simply a gauzy ethereal cloud of drapery, known, but not ascertained, to contain somewhere within its folds a beauteous feminine form. Presently distinctness of figure and feature emerged. What radiance, what rare intangible loveliness! Stood she not like Venus, compassed round by spotless sea-foam? Her bridemaids followed, attended by their groomsmen. Entered also the parents of the bride. The group stood before the altar, Archbishop Hughes came forth arrayed in the vestments of his office, and the ceremony was performed.

The bride claimed exclusive thought. Her dress, the result of a Parisian remittance of $6000, was proclaimed a marvel of millinery—white silk thickly overspread with Brussels lace. A vail of similar material fell fleecily from head to foot. Orange blossoms were woven in her hair and shed their perfume around. Diamonds and pearls sparkled from neck and breast and ears and wrist, and bathed her form in light. The bridemaids wore white dresses, some plain, some with crimson decorations, some with blue—all given by Don Esteban. The groom and his supporters were harmoniously clad in black, relieved by white waistcoats and point lace cravats. They were arranged in one outstretched row, and Lieutenant Bartlett and Mrs. Bartlett stood just behind.

The ceremony did not advance undisturbed. The excitement of the multitude was too great. Besides, physically feeble ladies fainted at intervals all along, creating each time a dire confusion. The Archbishop was generally unheard. He concluded at half past twelve o'clock, and then the new-made wife, intuitively apprehending the desire of the populace, turned round in the full bloom of her fresh honors, and dispensed labial pleasures among her maids. Soon after she vanished, and then collapse commenced.

The Cathedral was speedily vacant. The tide now turned in the direction of the mansion of the bride's father, in Fourteenth Street, where the wedding reception took place. Here the crowd was at least as excessive as at the church. Congratulations were discharged at the united twain with incessant zeal and startling rapidity. These were acknowledged with truest courtesy and most gentle grace. Longing eyes sought the gorgeous bridal presents; the $100,000 worth of jewelry, the superb garments, valued at $15,000, the *lingerie*, of which the estimated cost was $6000, the various other accumulations of luxury—all were there. Curiosity partly, and only partly, satiated, the throng gradually withdrew, and at three o'clock the reception terminated. Don Esteban and his young wife departed the same afternoon for Boston—the first installment of their wedding-journey. Later in the season they are to visit Cuba, and, still later, Europe. They carry the recognized means of happiness—wealth and beauty—with them; and so, no doubt,

"Shall speed the round of gay delight,
Where hearts to love and duty true
Chase not the hours, but in their flight
Keep pace with moments ever new."



THE KING OF THULE.

FROM GOETHE.

IN Thule dwelt a king, and he
Was leal unto the grave;
A cup to him of the red red gold
His leman dying gave.

He quaff'd it to the dregs, whene'er
He drank among his peers,
And ever, as he drain'd it down,
His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told
His kingdom's cities up,
Gave all his wealth unto his heir,
But with it not the cup.

He sat and feasted at the board,
His knights around his knee,
Within the palace of his sires,
Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,
A long last breath he drew,
And down the cup he loved so well
Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,
Far down into the sea,
And as he gazed his eyes grew dim,
Nor e'er again drank he.

FLAG-OFFICER TATTNALL, U.S.N.

THE exciting news recently received of the attack and repulse of the British and French naval forces at the mouth of the River Pei-ho, and the active sympathy displayed by Commodore Tattnall, commanding the American squadron, in China, in towing the British reserved force with his small chartered steamer, in order to enable the Admiral to extricate himself from the disastrous conflict in which he had suffered so severely, have elicited severe strictures from some portions of our press. He has been accused of violating our neutrality by yielding to the promptings of his humane feelings. We think, however, that the American public, in their admiration of whatever springs from noble and generous impulses, will view his conduct on the occasion with approbation, particularly when it is remembered that the Chinese have, at times, forgotten their neutrality toward Americans, choosing, when it suited them to do so, to confound them with their English foes by firing on and killing them—as, for instance, on the occasion which produced the bombardment and demolition of the Barrier Forts by the U. S. ships *Portsmouth* and *Levant* only two years ago.

Commodore Tattnall entered the navy in the year 1812. He was attached to the U. S. brig *Epervier*, which had been captured from the British, and had been put into commission; but owing to her being blockaded in the Savannah River she was laid up and her officers and crew transferred to other vessels. When the city of Washington was captured by the British, young Tattnall enrolled himself and marched as a private in the ranks to Bladensburg, where he participated in the conflict at that place. His next service was on board the U. S. frigate *Constellation*, in the Algerine war, on the occasion of the capture of the Algerine frigate by the squadron under Commodore Decatur. The long peace which ensued afforded no opportunities to our navy for acquiring distinction, and he was employed, as Lieutenant, in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his grade in cruising ships. In the year 1829 he was the First Lieutenant of the sloop-of-war *Erie*, Captain Danl. Turner, which conveyed General Harrison (afterward President) to Bogota as minister. On the passage out the *Erie* touched at the island of St. Martin, and there received intelligence that a Buenos Ayrean privateer named the *Federal* had overhauled at sea an American brig, the *Nymph*, from Bahia, bound to Boston, and had plundered her of such portions of her cargo as it suited him to take.

At the neighboring island of St. Bartholomew the plunder was landed and exposed for sale, notwithstanding the protest made by the American Consul against this proceeding. Upon the receipt of this information, Capt. Turner at once sailed for St. Bartholomew, and denouncing the *Federal* as a pirate, demanded from the authorities the surrender of the cargo to the American Consul, to be held by him for the benefit of its owners. This demand the authorities refused to comply with, and Capt. Turner determined to cut the *Federal* out. This was successfully accomplished during the night by the boats of the *Erie* under the command of Lieutenant Tattnall, and under the fire of the Fort, which opened on him. The *Erie* returned to St. Martin and dispatched the *Federal* with a prize crew to Pensacola, where she was tried and condemned for piracy by the United States court there.

His next service was in command of the United States schooner *Grampus* in the Gulf of Mexico, where he captured a Mexican privateer called the *Panchita*, which had committed depredations on our commerce; for which, and other services rendered in rescuing and relieving vessels in distress, the insurance offices in New Orleans made him a complimentary presentation of a handsome service of plate.

In his next grade of Commander, after a cruise performed in the Mediterranean and another on the coast of Africa, he volunteered and was appointed to command a small steamer named the *Spitfire*, in the Mexican War. He led the "mosquito fleet" in between the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and the city of Vera Cruz and bombarded that city, remaining in that position (which General Scott in his dispatches characterized "as too daringly assumed") until recalled from it by signal from Commodore Perry, who could not afford to risk the destruction of his flotilla.

In the year 1850, the Lopez Expedition sailed for the invasion of Cuba. The Spanish Minister at Washington had repeatedly called the attention of the Administration to the fact of their preparations being made for it; but his warnings seemed to have but little effect in inducing them to adopt measures of repression. They probably thought that it would all end in smoke. When, however, the expedition actually got off, they became very much alarmed. Captain Tattnall was at that time in command of the steam-frigate *Saranac*, and was on his way to Washington with his vessel, to complete her outfits and receive the complement of officers of which she was deficient. Orders were forthwith dispatched to him, which reached him when twenty miles below the city, to proceed, in all haste, in search of the expedition, and endeavor to arrest it. He started at once for Havana. When he arrived there he learned that Lopez had made a descent with a portion of his force only, at Cardenas, the other portion having refused to take part in it; that the Captain General of Cuba had sent a naval force to the Island of Mugeres, had captured the remaining portion of the expedition with their two vessels, and they were hourly expected at Havana. Captain Tattnall entered the harbor and first sought an interview with Mr. Campbell, who, he very soon saw, was a warm sympathizer with the filibusters. He next proceeded to have a conference with the Governor General. He explained to him that the President had issued a proclamation declaring the expeditionists to be outlaws, and had dispatched him to arrest them. They discussed the right of the Captain General to capture them on neutral territory.

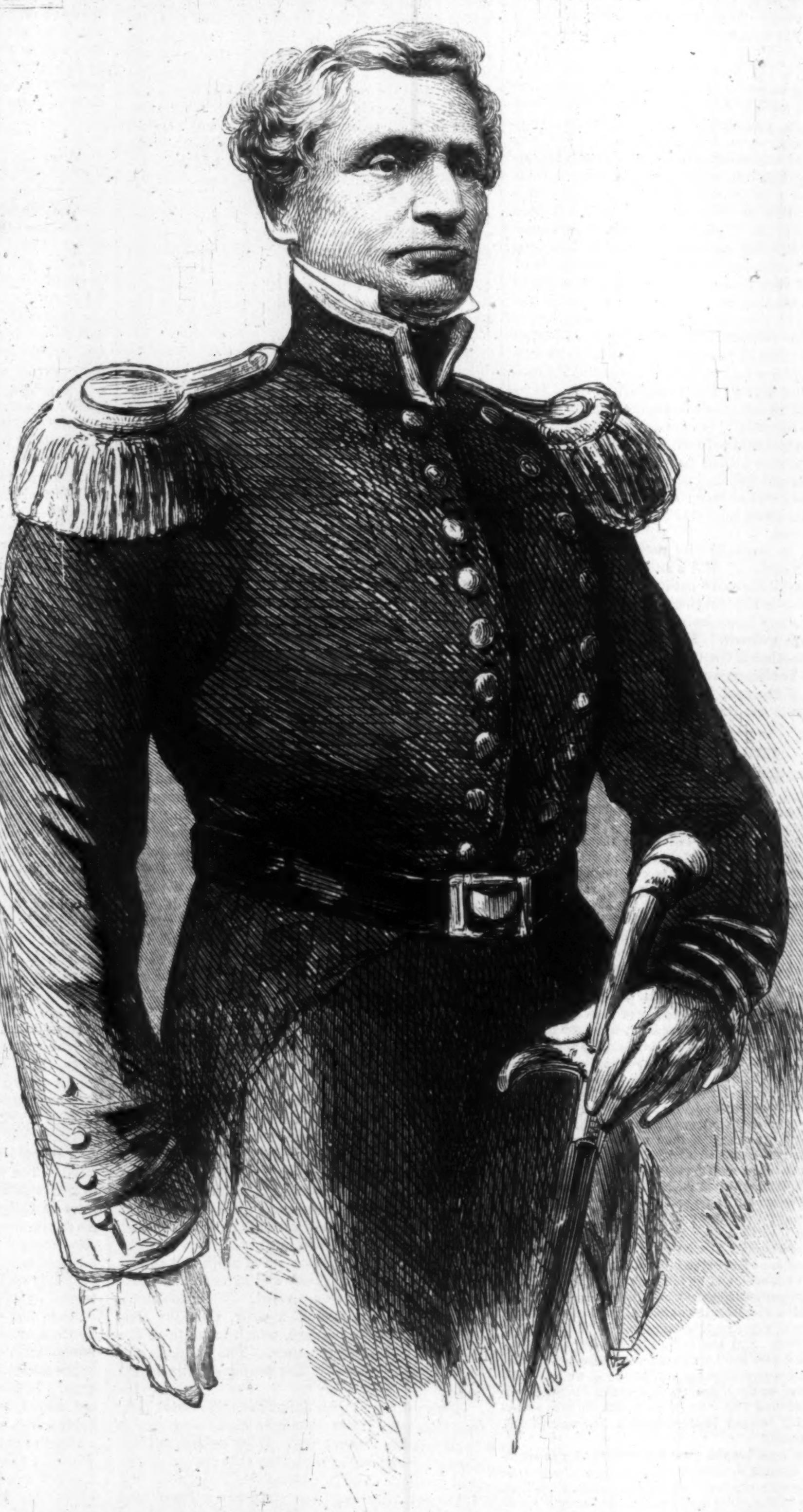
The conference having ended, Captain Tattnall left Havana for Key West.

Some of Lopez's party had been arrested on their landing at Key West, and tried in the United States Courts for the violation of our neutrality laws, and it was on their trial that the evidence had been given of the refusal of the other party to accompany them. Captain Tattnall induced the United States Judge and the Collector of the port to accompany him over to Havana, the former taking with him the record of his court. On his arrival, he found that the expeditionists had been brought into port with their vessels. He called on the Captain General, and, after satisfying him of the existence of the proof required, he said,

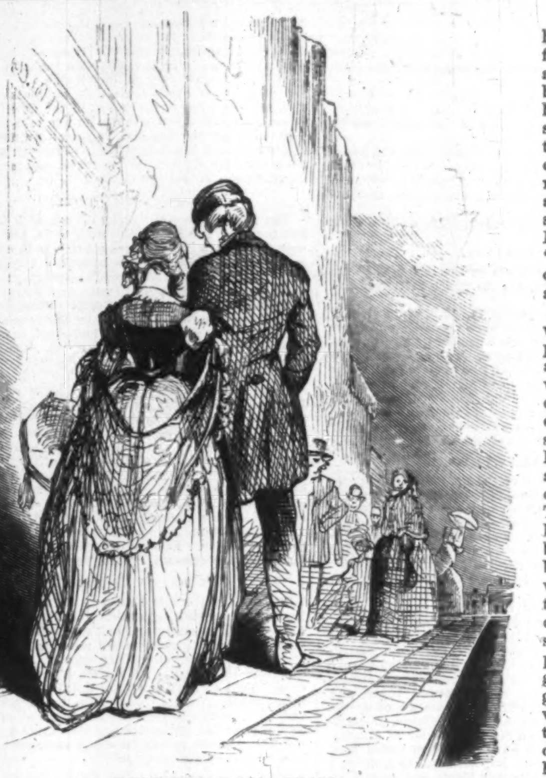
"Now, Governor, the question of peace or war is lodged with you. If these persons are harshly dealt with, and especially if any blood is spilled, the American people will hold your Government to the strictest accountability."

The result is known. The filibusters, after a detention of a few months in prison, were released, and conveyed by the *Albany* to Mobile. Some of the public journals, then as now, contained very harsh comments upon him for permitting the filibusters to be carried into Havana; but General Taylor, then President, expressed himself very warmly in commendation of Captain Tattnall's judicious course, and the navy department addressed him a complimentary letter of approval of his conduct, the like of which—to use the language of the chief clerk—had not emanated from the department for many a year.

Of Commodore Tattnall's recent service in China we have spoken at length in our last issues.



FLAG-OFFICER TATTNALL, U.S.N.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MRS. ALFRED DINKS.

IT was but a few days after the dinner that the junior partner was taking the old path that led under the tower of the fairy princess, when lo! he met her in the way. In her eyes there was that sweet light of expectation and happiness which illuminated all Gabriel's thoughts of her, and which as it now shone upon him persuaded him that he was the happiest and unworthiest of men.

"Where are you going, May?"

"I am going to Fanny's."

"May I go too?"

May Newt looked at him and said, gravely, "No, I am going to ask Little Malacca to go with me."

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Gabriel Bennet, with equal gravity.

"What splendid, melancholy eyes he has!" said May, with unusual ardor.

"Ah, you think so?"

"Of course I do, and such hair! Why, Mr. Bennet, did you ever see such magnificent hair—"

"Oh, you like black hair?"

"And his voice—"

"Now, May—"

"Well, Sir."

"Please—"

What merry light in the fairy eyes! What dazzling splendor of love and happiness in the face that turned to his as he laid her arm in his own! One would have thought she, too, had been admitted a junior partner in a most desirable firm.

They passed along the street, which was full of people, and Gabriel and May unconsciously looked at the crowd with new eyes and thoughts. Can it be possible that all these people are so secretly happy as two that we know, thought they? All my life, said Gabriel to himself without knowing it, have I been going up and down, and never imagined how much honey there was hived away in all the hearts of which I saw only the rough outside? All my life, mused May, with sweet girl-eyes, have I passed lovers as if they were mere men and women? And under her vail, where no eye could see, her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were sweeter.

They passed up Broadway and turned through to the Bowery. Crossing the broad pavement of the busy thoroughfare they went into a narrow street beyond, and so toward the East River. At length they stopped before a low, modest house near a quiet corner. A sloppy kitchen-maid stood upon the area steps abreast of the street. A few miserable trees, pining to death in the stone desert of the town, were boxed up along the edge of the sidewalk. A scavenger's cart was joggling along, and a little behind, a ragman's wagon with a string of jangling bells. The smell of the sewer was the chief odor, and the long lines of low, red brick houses, with wooden steps and balustrades and the blinds closed, completed a permanent camp of dreariness.

"Does Fanny Newt live there?" asked Gabriel, in a tone which indicated that there might be hearts in which honey was not abundantly hived.

"Yes," said May, gravely. "You know they have very little to live upon, and—and—oh dear, I don't like to speak of it, Gabriel, but they are very miserable."

Gabriel said nothing, but rang the bell.

The sloppy servant having stared wildly for a moment or two at the apparition of blooming love that had so incomprehensively alighted upon the steps, ducked under them, and in a moment reappeared at the door. She seemed to recognize May, and said "Yes'm" before any question had been asked.

Gabriel and May walked into the little parlor. It was dark and formal. There was a black haircloth sofa with wooden edges all over it, so that nobody could lean or lounge, or do any thing but sit uncomfortably upright. There were black haircloth chairs, a table with two or three books; two lamps with glass drops upon the mantle; a thin cheap carpet; gloom, silence, and a complicated smell of grease—as if the ghosts of all the wretched dinners that had ever been cooked in the house haunted it spitefully.

While May went up stairs to find Fanny, Gabriel Bennet looked and smelled around him. He had not believed that a human home could be so dismal, and he could not understand how haircloth furniture and dimness could make it so. His father's house was certainly not very large; and it was scantily and plainly furnished, but no Arabian palace had ever seemed so splendid to his imagination as that home was dear to his heart. No, it isn't the furniture nor the smell, thought he. I am quite sure it is something that I neither see nor smell that makes the difference.

As he sat on the uncomfortable sofa and heard the jangling bells of the ragman die away into the distance, and the loud, long, mournful whoop of the chimney-sweep, his fancy was busy with the figures of a thousand things that might be—of a certain nameless somebody, mistress of that poor sombre house, but so lighting it up with grace and gay sweetness that the hard sofa became the most luxurious lounge, and the cheap table more gorgeous than ormolu; and of a certain other nameless somebody coming home at evening—an opening door—a rustle in the hall as of women's robes—a singular sound as of meeting lips—then a coming together arm in arm into the dingy furnished little parlor, but with such a bright fire blazing under the wooden mantle—and then—and then—a pattering of little feet down the stairs—Hem! hem! said Gabriel Bennet, clearing his throat, as if to arouse himself by making a noise.

For there was a sound of feet upon the stairs, and the next moment May and her sister Fanny entered the room. Gabriel rose and bowed and held out his hand. Mrs. Alfred Dinks said, "How do you do?" and seated herself without taking the hand.

Time had not softened her face, but sharpened it, and her eyes were of a fierce blackness. She looked forty years old; and there was a permanent frown of her dark brows.

"So this silly May is going to marry you?" said she, addressing Gabriel.

Surprised by this kind of congratulation, but also much amused by it, as if there could be nothing so ludicrous as the idea of May not marrying a man who loved her as he loved, Gabriel gravely responded,

"Yes, ma'am, she is set upon it."

Fanny Newt, who had seated herself with an air of utter and chronic contempt and indifference, and who looked away from Gabriel the moment she had spoken to him, now turned toward him again suddenly with an expression like that of an animal which pricks up his ears. The keen fire of the old days shot for a moment into her eyes, for it was the first word of badinage or humor that Fanny Newt had heard for years.

"A woman who is such a fool as to marry ought to be unhappy," she replied, with her eyes fixed upon Gabriel.

"A man who persuades her to do it ought to be taken out and hung," answered he, with aphoristic gravity.

Fanny was perplexed.

"Better to be the slave of a parent than a husband," she continued.

"I'd lock him out," retorted Gabriel, with pure irrelevancy; "I'd scotch his sheets; I'd pour water in his boots; I'd sift sand in his hair-brush; I'd spatter vitriol on his shirts. A man who marries a woman deserves nothing better."

He wagged his foot carelessly, took up one of the books upon the table, and looked into it indifferently. Fanny Newt turned to her sister, who sat smiling by her side.

"What is the matter with this man?" asked Mrs. Alfred Dinks, audibly, of May.

"There is a pregnant text, my dear Mrs. Dinks, *née* Newt, a name which I delight to pronounce," said Gabriel, striking in before May could reply, with the lightest tone and the soberest face in the world, "which instructs us to answer a fool according to his folly. Charming sentiment, my dear Mrs. Dinks."

Fanny was really confounded. She had heard Abel in old days speak of Gabriel Bennet as a spooney—a saint in the milk—a goodsey, boodsey, booby—a sort of youth who would turn pale and be snuffed out by one of her glances. She found him incomprehensible. She owed him the first positive emotion of human interest she had known for years. She felt the instinctive loyalty which character always gives to character.

May Newt looked and listened without speaking. The soft light glimmered in her eyes, for she knew what it all meant. It meant precisely what her praises of Little Malacca meant. It meant that she and Gabriel loved each other.

The junior partner was still holding the book when a heavy step was heard in the entry. Fanny's eyes grew darker and the frown deeper. There was a blundering movement outside—a hat fell—a cane struck something—and Gabriel knew as perfectly as if he could look through the wall what kind of man was coming. The door opened with a burst, and Mr. Alfred Dinks stopped as his eye fell upon the company. A heavy, coarse, red-faced, dull-eyed man, with an air of brutish obstinacy in every lineament and movement, he stared for a moment without a word or sign of welcome, and then looking at his wife, said, in a grunting, surly tone,

"Look here; don't be fooling round. The old man's bust up!"

He banged the door violently to, and they heard his clumsy footsteps creaking up the stairs.

CHAPTER LXIV.

POLITICS.

"IN course; I sez to ma—why, Lord bless me, it must have been three or four years ago—that 'twould all turn out so. What's rotten will come to pieces, ma, sez I. Every year she sez to me, sez she, why ain't the Newts failed yet? Jest you be quiet, sez I, ma, it's comin'. So 'twas. I know'd all about it."

President Van Boozenberg unburdened his mind and justified his vaticinations to the knot of gentlemen who were perpetually at the bank. They listened, and said ah! and yes, and shook their heads; and the shaky ones wondered whether the astute financier had marked them and had said to ma, sez he, that Pilch and Blague, the dry-goods men, or Percy Arlincourt and Brother, the wet-goods men, for all they look so bright and crowd canvas so smartly, are shaky, ma—shaky.

General Belch heard the news at his office. He was sitting on the end of his back-bone, which was supported on the two hind legs of a wooden chair, while the two forelegs and his own were lifted in the air. His own, however, went up at a more precipitate angle and rested with the feet apart upon the mantle. By a skillful muscular process the General ejected tobacco-juice from his mouth, between his legs, and usually lodged it in the grate before him. It was evident, however, that many of his friends had not been so successful, for the grate, the hearth, and the neighboring floor were spotted with the fluid.

The Honorable Mr. Ele was engaged in conversation with his friend Belch, who was giving him instructions for the next Congressional session.

"You see, Ele, if we could only send somebody of the right stamp—the right stamp, I say, in the place of Watkins Bodley from the third district, we should be all right. Bodley is very uncertain."

"I know," returned the Hon. Mr. Ele, "Bodley is not sound. He has not the true party feeling. He is not willing to make sacrifices. And yet I think that—that—perhaps—"

He looked at General Belch inquiringly. That gentleman turned, beamed approval, and squirted a copious cascade.

"Exactly," said Mr. Ele, "I was saying that I think if Mr. Bodkins, who is a perfectly honorable man—"

"Oh, perfectly; nothing against his character. Besides, it's a free country, and every body may have his opinions," said Gen. Belch.

"Precisely," resumed Mr. Ele; "as I was saying, being a perfectly honorable man—in fact, unusually honorable, I happen to know that he is in trouble—ahem! ahem! pecuniary trouble."

He paused a moment, while his friend of the military title looked hard at the grate, as if selecting a fair mark, then made a clucking noise, and drenched it completely. He then said, musingly,

"Yes, yes—ah yes—I see. It is a great pity. The best men get into such trouble. How much money did you say he wanted?"

"I said he was in pecuniary trouble," returned Mr. Ele, with a slight tone of correction.

"I understand, Mr. Ele," answered the other, a little pompously, and with an air of saying, "Know your place, Sir."

"I understand, and I wish to know how large a sum would relieve Mr. Bodley from his immediate pressure."

"I think about four thousand dollars. Perhaps, a thousand more."

"I suppose," said General Belch, slowly, still looking into the blank, dismal grate, and rubbing his fat nose steadily with his fat forefinger and thumb, "I suppose that a man situated as Mr. Bodley is finds it very detrimental to his business to be engaged in public life, and might possibly feel it to be his duty to his family and creditors to resign his place, if he saw a promising way of righting his business, without depending upon the chances of a Congressional career."

As he drew to the end of this hypothetical harangue General Belch looked sideways at his companion to see if he probably understood him.

The Honorable Mr. Ele shook his head in turn, looked solemnly into the empty grate, and said, slowly and with gravity:

"The supposition might be entertained for the sake of the argument."

The General was apparently satisfied with this reply, for he continued:

"Let us, then, suppose that a sum of four or five thousand dollars having been raised—and Mr. Bodley having resigned—that a new candidate is to be selected who shall—who shall, in fact, serve his country from our point of view, who ought the man to be?"

"Precisely; who ought the man to be?"

The two gentlemen looked gravely into the grate. General Belch squirted reflectively. The Honorable Mr. Ele raised his hand and shaded his eyes, and gazed steadfastly, as if he expected to see the candidate emerge from the chimney. While they still sat thoughtfully a knock was heard at the door. The General started and brought down his chair with a crash. Mr. Ele turned sharply round, as if the candidate had taken him by surprise in coming in by the door.

A boy handed General Belch a note:

"MY DEAR BELCH,—B. Newt, Son, & Co. have stopped. We do not hear of an assignment, so desire you to take steps at once to secure judgment upon the inclosed account.

"Yours,

"PERIWING & BUDD."

"Hallo!" said General Belch, as the messenger retired, "old Newt's smashed! However, it's a great while since he has done any thing for the party.—By Jove!"

The last exclamation was sudden, as if he had been struck by a happy thought. He took a fresh quid in his mouth, and, putting his hands upon his knees, sat silently for five minutes, and then said,

"I have the man!"

"You have the man?" said Ele, looking at him with interest.

"Certainly. Look here!"

Mr. Ele did look, as earnestly as if he expected the General to take the man out of his pocket.

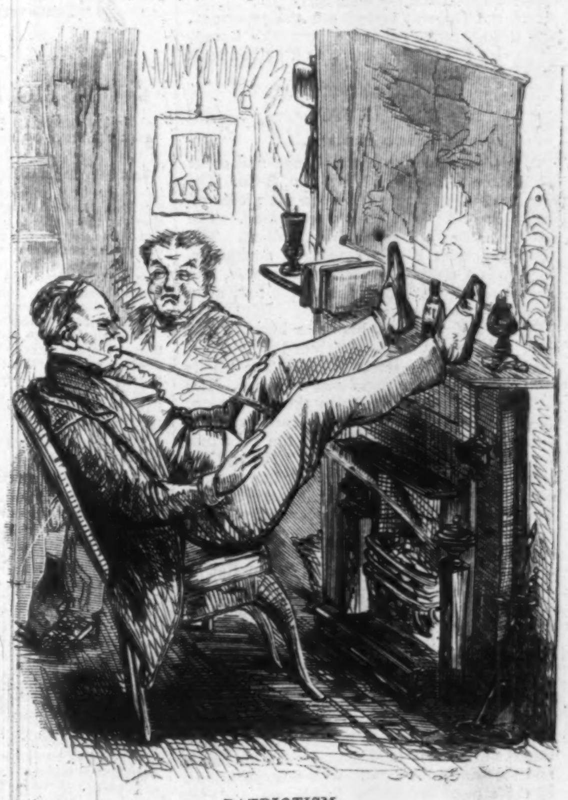
"You know we want to get that grant, at any rate. If we only have men who see from our point of view, we are sure of it. I think I know a man who can be persuaded to look at the matter from that point—a man who may be of very great service to the party, if we can persuade him to see from our point of view."

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Ele.

"Abel Newt," replied General Belch.

Mr. Ele seemed somewhat surprised.

"Oh—yes—ah—indeed. I did not know he was in political life," said he.



PATRIOTISM.

"He isn't," returned General Belch.

Mr. Ele looked for further instructions.

"Every body must begin," said Belch. "Look here. If we don't get this grant from Congress, what on earth is the use of having worked so long in this devilish old harness of politics? Haven't we been to primary meetings and conventions and elections, and all the other tomfoolery, speechifying and plotting and setting things right, and being bled, by Jupiter!—bled to the tune of more hundreds than I mean to lose; and now, just as we are where a bold push will save every thing, and make it worth while to have worked in the nasty mill so long, we must have our wits about us. Do you know Abel Newt?"

"No."

"I do. He is a gentleman without the slightest squeamishness. He is perfectly able to see things from particular points of view. He has great knowledge of the world, and he is a friend of the people, Sir. His politics are of the right kind," said General Belch, in a tone which seemed to be setting the tune for any future remarks Mr. Ele might have to make of Mr. Newt—at public meetings, for instance, or elsewhere.

"I am glad to hear he is a friend of the people," returned Mr. Ele.

"Yes, Sir, he is the consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy, Sir."

"Exactly; purse-proud aristocracy," repeated Mr. Ele, as if conning a lesson by rote.

"Dandled in the lap of luxury, he does not hesitate to descend from it to espouse the immortal cause of popular rights."

"Popular rights," returned the Honorable Mr. Ele, studying his lesson.

"Animated by a glowing patriotism, he stands upon the people, and waves above his head the glorious flag of our country."

"Glorious flag of our country," responded the other.

"The undaunted enemy of monopoly, he is equally the foe of class legislation and the friend of State rights."

"Friend of State rights."

"Ahem!" said General Belch, looking blankly at Mr. Ele, "where was I?"

"Friend of State rights," parroted Mr. Ele.

"Exactly—oh yes! And if ever the glorious fabric of our country's—our country's—our country's— d—m it! our country's what, Mr. Ele?"

That honorable gentleman was engaged with his own thoughts while he followed with his tongue the words of his friend, so that, perhaps a little maliciously, perhaps a little unconsciously, he went on in the same wooden tone of repetition.

"Our country's what, Mr. Ele?"

General Belch looked at his companion. They both smiled.

"How they sort o' slip out, don't they?" asked the General, squirting.

"They do," said Mr. Ele, taking snuff.

"Well, now, don't you see what kind of man Abel Newt is?"

"I do, indeed," replied Ele.

"I tell you, if you fellows from the city don't look out for yourselves, you'll find him riding upon your shoulders. He is a smart fellow. I am very sorry for Watkins Bodley. Any family?"

"Yes—a good deal," replied Mr. Ele, vaguely.

"Ah indeed! Pity! pity! I suppose, then, that a proper sense of what he owes to his family—eh?"

"Without question. Oh! certainly."

General Belch rose.

"I do not see, then, that we have any thing else that ought to detain you. I will see Mr. Newt, and let you know. Good-morning, Mr. Ele—good-morning, my dear Sir."

And the General bowed out the representative so imperatively that the Honorable Baraobas Jawley Ele felt very much as if he had been kicked down stairs.

CHAPTER LXV.

GONE TO PROTEST.

There was an unnatural silence and order in the store of Boniface Newt, Son, & Co. The long linen covers were left upon the pieces of goods exposed. The cases were closed. The boys sat listlessly and wonderingly about. The porter lay upon a bale reading a newspaper. There was a sombre regularity and repose, like that of a house in which the corpse lies, upon the morning of the funeral.

Boniface Newt sat in his office haggard and gray. His face, like his daughter Fanny's, had grown sharp, and almost fierce. The blinds were closed, and the room was darkened. His port-folio lay before him upon the desk, open. The paper was smooth and white, and the newly-mended pens lay carefully by the inkstand. But the merchant did not write. He had not written that day. His white, bony hand rested upon the port-folio, and the long fingers drummed upon it at intervals, while his eyes half-vacantly wandered out into the store and saw the long shrouds drawn over the goods. Occasionally a slight sigh of weariness escaped him. But he did not seem to care to distract his mind from its gloomy intentness; for the morning paper lay beside him unopened, although it was afternoon.

In the outer office the book-keeper was still at work. He looked from book to book, holding the leaves and letting them fall carefully—comparing, computing, writing in the huge volumes, and filing various papers away. Sometimes, while he yet held the leaves in his hands and the pen in his mouth, with the appearance of the utmost abstraction in his task, his eyes wandered in to the inner office, and dimly saw his employer sitting silent and listless at his desk. For many years he had been Boniface Newt's clerk. For many years he had been a still, faithful, hard-worked servant. He had two holidays, besides the Sundays—New-Year's Day and the Fourth of July. The rest of the year he was in the office by nine in the morning, and did not leave before six at night. During the time he had been quietly writing in those great red books he had married a wife and seen the roses fade in her cheeks—he had had children grow up around him—fill his evening home and his Sunday hours with light—marry, one after another, until his home had become as it was before a child was born to him, and then gradually grow bright and musical again with the eyes and voices of another generation. Glad to earn his little salary, which was only enough for decency of living, free from envy and ambition, he was bound by a kind of feudal tenure to his employer. It never occurred to him to criticise his character. If he perceived defects, it was as a trusty squire in his liege knight.

As he looked at his employer and observed his hopeless listlessness, he thought of his age, his family, and of the frightful secrets hidden in the huge books that were every night locked carefully into the iron safe, as if they were written all over with beautiful romances instead of terrible truths—and the eyes of the patient plodder were so blurred that he could not see, and turning his head that no one might observe him, he winked until he could see again.

A young man entered the store hastily. The porter dropped the paper and sprang up; the boys came expectantly forward. Even the book-keeper stopped to watch the new-comer as he came rapidly toward the office. Only the head of the house sat unconcernedly at his desk—his long, pale, bony fingers drumming on the port-folio—his hard eyes looking out at the messenger.

"This way," said the book-keeper, suddenly, as he saw that he was going toward Mr. Newt's room.

"I want Mr. Newt."

"Which one?"

"The young one, Mr. Abel Newt."

"He is not here."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

Before the book-keeper was aware the young man had opened the door that communicated with Mr. Newt's room. The haggard face under the gray hair turned slowly toward the messenger. There was something in the sitting figure that made the youth lift his hand and remove his cap, and say, in a low, respectful voice,

"Can you tell me, Sir, where to find Mr. Abel Newt?"

The long, pale, bony fingers still listlessly drummed. The hard eyes rested upon the questioner for a few moments; then, without any evidence of interest, the old man answered simply, "No," and looked away as if he had forgotten the stranger's presence.

"Here's a note for him from General Belch."

The gray head beckoned mechanically toward the other room, as if all business were to be transacted there; and the young man bowing again, with a vague sense of awe, went in to the outer office and handed the note to the book-keeper.

It was very short and simple, as Abel found when he read it:

"My dear Sir,—I have just heard of your misfortunes. Don't be dismayed. In the shindy of life every body must have his head broken two or three times, and in our country 'tis a man's duty to fall on his feet. Such men as Abel Newt are not made to fail. I want to see you immediately.

"Yours very truly,

"Arcularius Belch."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE KILLING OF SENATOR BRODERICK—THE CHALLENGE.

The following was Mr. Terry's challenge:

"Oakland, *September* 8, 1859.

"Hon. D. C. Broderick,—Sir: Some two months since, at the public table of the International Hotel in San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me, which were offensive in their nature. Before I had heard of the circumstance, your note of the 29th of June, addressed to Mr. D. W. Perley, in which you declared that you would not respond to any call of a personal character during the political canvass just concluded, had been published.

"I have, therefore, not been permitted to take any notice of those remarks until the expiration of the limit fixed by yourself. I now take the earliest opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks. This note will be handed to you by my friend Calhoun Benham, Esq., who is acquainted with its contents, and will receive your reply. D. S. Terry."

Some correspondence followed which led to an agreement for a meeting.

THE TERMS OF THE DUEL.

The following terms of the duel were agreed upon:

1. Principals to be attended by two seconds and surgeon each; also by a person to load the weapons. This article not to exclude the drivers of the vehicles. If other parties obtrude, the time and place may be changed at the instance of either party.

2. Place of meeting, on the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch. The road to the farm-house leaves the off Lake House road, where you strike the first fence of the Lake House property, about a mile before you reach the Lake House. There you take a road to the left, which brings you to the farm-house, on the upper end of the lake (Laguna Merced), occupied by William Higgins. This is the general neighborhood; the precise spot to be determined when the parties meet.

3. Weapons—dueling pistols.

4. Distance, ten paces; parties facing each other; pistols to be held with the muzzle vertically downward.

5. Word to be given as follows, to wit: The inquiry shall first be made, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Upon each party replying "Ready," the word "Fire" shall be given, to be followed by the words "One, two." Neither party to raise his pistol before the word "Fire," nor to discharge it after the word "two." The intervals between the words "Fire—one, two," to be exemplified by the party winning the word as near as may be.

6. The weapons to be loaded on the ground in the presence of a second of each party.

7. Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by chance—throwing up a coin, as usual.

8. Choice of the two weapons to be determined by chance, as in article 7th.

9. Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined on the ground, by throwing up a coin, as usual—that is to say, each party bringing their pistols, and the pair to be used to be determined by chance, as in article 7th.

Time—Monday, 12th September, 1859, at 5½ o'clock A.M.

THE MEETING.

The first meeting took place on the 12th ult., at the appointed time and place, but the police interfered and arrested the principals.

The parties met next morning, the 13th, in the vicinity of San Francisco, where there were no police officers or others to interfere. Terry was seconded by Messrs. Calhoun Benham and Thomas Hayes. The latter had been county clerk, and had also fallen, like his principal, under the displeasure of the Vigilance Committee. Broderick was seconded by the Hon. Joseph M'Kibben, member of Congress from California, and by another gentleman, who is said to have been either ex-Sheriff Colton, of Yreka, or Mr. John A. Monroe, of San Francisco.

THE DUELISTS PLACED.

"When all hands arrived on the ground," says the reporter of the San Francisco *Morning Call*, "I counted (not a particular account) seventy-one men, including principals, present. Mr. Terry's seconds and advisers were constantly with him. I noticed particularly that when Benham and Aylette were attending to 'outside' matters, Mr. Brooks kept close to his friend, and conversed with him in a lively tone. On the other hand, Mr. Broderick seemed to be absorbed in matters disconnected with the issue, and was talking earnestly with Mr. Haskell and a gentleman whose name I am unacquainted with. During this time Mr. Broderick was cool and self-possessed. His antagonist seemed agitated, and measured the ground in his direction with an uneasy and anxious tread. The seconds approached the armorer, examined the weapons, turned several times, and pointed to the white marks that had been placed on the field to establish the distances. Mr. M'Kibben, in examining the pistols, snapped a cap with an air of satisfaction. He seemed to look as if the pistol suited him. Some conversation was had, Mr. Benham (or Aylette, I am not certain which) approached Terry, said something to him, in reply to which Terry seemed to smile, and became more calm than before. As the affair was now approaching the crisis, every eye was turned on the combatants.

"Mr. Broderick's friends had a short and earnest conversation, and retired. Mr. Brooks did the same with Mr. Terry, and moved to one side. An official expression notified the combatants to take their relative positions. The distance was marked white, and appeared to an observer murderously close. In fact, more than one man present uttered the ejaculation that it was downright murder to allow men to shoot at each other at so short a distance. The principals, however, took their positions. Mr. Broderick divested himself first of a dark brown paletot, and cast his eye along the ground separating him from Mr. Terry.

THEIR ASPECT AND DRESS.

"At this moment I took pains to closely scan the countenances of both combatants. Mr. Terry's lips were compressed, his countenance darkly sallow, and his whole appearance betrayed that of a man without fear as well as without religious constraint. Wan and attenuated, he stood a stolid monument on the field of conflict. Mr. B. could not have been distinguished by the stranger as a principal. With his hands folded behind him he held earnest conversation with Mr. Haskell. He would occasionally turn, scan the crowd, and rest his eye upon some recognized countenance. The muscles of his face were strong, and his visage unrelaxed in any particular. His lips, when not conversing, were compressed, and his whole bearing was that of a man who was about to meet a great issue, and who was firmly prepared for it.

"Messrs. Broderick and Terry being divested of their overcoats, were told to take a vertical position by Mr. Benham. The seconds then arranged upon the weapons—how this was done is unknown to others—and Mr. Benham, taking a pistol, proceeded to Judge Terry and placed it in his hand. The latter took the pistol in his left hand, passed it behind him, connected both hands, stood for a moment in that position, and then rested his weapon on his left hand in front. Mr. Broderick, on being handed the pistol, anxiously examined it, and at intervals measured with his eye the ground between himself and his adversary. He seemed to take much pains in examining the pistol. At length he braced himself up and took his position. A frock coat which he wore seemed to trouble him somewhat, and he endeavored more than once to bring the front tails closer together. Had a pin been offered him at this moment I believe he would have used it. Terry, in the mean time, with the barrel of his pistol resting on his left arm, held his eyes fixed on the figure of his antagonist. Before the word was given Mr. Benham approached Senator Broderick, who had handed his watch, money, etc., to Mr. M'Kibben, and felt his clothes and examined with his hands the body of the principal. A nod of satisfaction showed that he had found nothing concealed beneath his vestments. Mr. M'Kibben then went toward Judge Terry. The latter handed to his second (Mr. Benham) a watch, pocket articles, and a quantity of money. Mr. Benham accepted the watch, but the money, with a flourish, he scattered over the ground. Mr. M'Kibben then examined the person of Judge Terry, expressed himself satisfied, and took a position to the right of Mr. Broderick and immediately opposite Mr. Colton. The seconds of Judge Terry occupied similar positions, with Mr. Benham on a line with Mr. M'Kibben, and Mr. Hayes on a line with Mr. Colton, all the parties forming a sextangle.

THE WORD GIVEN.

"At precisely fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, as the sun was endeavoring to force his smiling beams through a succession of clouds that were passing north and south over the head of Mr. Broderick, the solemn moment, on which all were satisfied depended a life, Mr. Benham gave a rapid glance toward the sky, detected something to the disadvantage of his principal, and approached Judge Terry. The latter, who wore a large, rather stiff-brimmed wool hat, had drawn the front over his eyes. After his second, however, had caught his ear, the front was turned up. Mr. Colton then, in a clear, distinct voice, called out the word. He made considerable pause between each announcement—a pause that I can reasonably compare to the time elapsing between the strokes of the Cathedral's clock bell—perhaps not so great.

BRODERICK SHOT.

"When Mr. Colton asked, 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' Mr. Terry instantly replied, 'Ready,' without moving from his position or relaxing a muscle. Mr. Broderick, however (as I said before), spent several seconds examining the stock of his pistol, which did not seem to fit his hand. When at length he answered, 'Ready,' he did so with a gesture, nodding his head and inclining his body toward Mr. Colton. Between the words, 'Fire—one—two,' both parties shot. Mr. Broderick fired first, and at about the last enunciation required to convey the word 'one.' Mr. Terry shot in a space of time afterward which it would require in music to a quaver. The word 'two' was scarcely started upon when the Judge fired. Mr. Broderick's shot was spent in the ground, some four or five feet in advance of his right toes. Judge Terry's took effect, as we all know, in his right breast, above the nipple.

"Immediately upon receiving his antagonist's fire, Mr. Broderick raised his right arm, still grasping the pistol. It was the impression that he had been shot in the shoulder. His arm contracted, and a spasmodic effort was made to brace himself up. The leaden messenger, however, had gone to a more sensitive and vital part. After endeavoring to summon the will to resist the pressure that was bearing him down, the head dropped in a recumbent position over the right shoulder, the knees bent outwardly, and at length, gently and calmly as a child retiring to rest, Mr. Broderick eased to the earth, pressing the right breast with the hand still holding the pistol, and lying on his left side.

"Judge Terry, in the mean time, maintained his position, keeping his eye constantly in the direction of the fallen man. In a few minutes he was told that his antagonist could not rise, and he thereupon left the field. It has been said that he made a loud remark when Broderick fell. He did not. Whatever he said to his seconds was not heard by the spectators."

AFTER THE DUEL.

The *Bulletin* says: "Judge Terry, with his friends, left the field, driving rapidly into town, and started at once from North Beach, where a boat was in waiting, and proceeded to Oakland, where he took a private conveyance to Martinez. A telegraphic dispatch, received late last night from that point, states that Judge Terry, on his arrival at Martinez, found some difficulty in getting ferried across to Benicia. Both in Martinez and the latter place flags were raised at half-mast, caused by the false reports of Mr. Broderick's death. On his arrival at Benicia Judge Terry took overland conveyance to Sacramento.

"Mr. Broderick was taken to the house of his friend, Leonidas Haskell, Esq., at Black Point, nearly two miles from the Plaza, and was seated in a bed with his face toward the bay, and propped up with pillows. Here Doctors Loehr, Sawyer, and Rowell attended on him during the day, and hundreds of the friends of the Senator hurried out to learn the worst. There appeared little likelihood of his recovering. He was able to speak during the afternoon, but, owing to the wounding of his lungs, the articulation was generally indistinct and unintelligible. The internal bleeding caused intense pain and a suffocating sensation. In town the excitement exceeded any thing we have known for some years."

THE DEATH OF BRODERICK.

We read in the San Francisco *Herald*: "The Hon. David C. Broderick expired on 15th at 8.40 o'clock A.M. At 12 o'clock the night previous the indications appeared favorable for his recovery—the wounded gentleman being easier, his breathing more regular, and his general condition improved. At 2 o'clock A.M. a change occurred for the worse, and from that hour Mr. Broderick failed rapidly. At 3 o'clock A.M. the last rites of the Church were administered by the Rev. Father Maraschi. At 4 o'clock Mr. Broderick had fallen into a state of insensibility, from which he never emerged. He never uttered a word after 4 o'clock."

THE DEAD SENATOR LYING IN STATE.

On Saturday, at ten o'clock A.M., the lower part of the Union Hotel was thrown open to the public, and all day the public thronged in to see the body of Senator Broderick as it lay in state. The corpse was placed in a metallic coffin, in the inner apartment, the approach to which was hung with American flags. The outside of the Union was draped with habiliments of woe, and every face wore that unmistakable expression which denotes that some public calamity has fallen upon the community. The coffin was so placed that the moving throng could file past and around it and out through another door. The hands of living friends had wrought wreaths and bouquets of flowers, with which the coffin was loaded, and so numerous at last did these become, that, no room being found for them, they were placed on the floor about the bier. The corpse was dressed in a suit of black with collar and neckcloth, the hands lying along the sides, crossed upon the body. The face was somewhat shrunken, probably from the intense pain which the sufferer had undergone during the previous three days. It wore, however, the same expression as in life, and the Senator might almost have been supposed to be in a deep sleep, so calm and natural was the appearance of the face. All day long the crowd pressed in—men, women, and children; slowly they passed round, lingering at the coffin, and gazing with faces full of grief and reverence upon the last spectacle.

THE INQUEST.

On Saturday afternoon, at ten minutes past two o'clock, Dr. M'Nulty, the city and county Coroner, appeared in the Police Court room, where were assembled the jury summoned to investigate the cause of the death of Senator Broderick. Mr. J. R. Garniss, who had been summoned, declined to serve, on account of being a friend of Mr. Broderick, and was excused. Another juror was then summoned, and the seven proceeded to the Union Hotel, where the corpse was lying in state. The inquest then proceeded, with the following verdict:

We, the undersigned jurors, convened to inquire into the cause of the death of David C. Broderick, who died in the city of San Francisco on the 16th of September, 1859, do find that the deceased was born in the District of Columbia, aged forty years, and that he came to his death from a wound inflicted by a pistol ball fired from a pistol, intentionally, by David S. Terry, on the morning of September 13, 1859.

Wm. A. Keith, O. Dickinson, Jun.,
C. A. Fisher, Charles Main,
Thos. Gordon, J. W. Gilmore.
Geo. C. Schreve,

BRODERICK'S LAST WORDS TO COLONEL BAKER.

The funeral oration, pronounced by Colonel E. D. Baker, was an eloquent production. The speaker narrated his last conversation with Mr. Broderick as follows:

"When he returned from that fatal field, while the dark wing of the archangel of death was casting its shadows upon his brow, his greatest anxiety was as to the performance of his duty. He felt that all his strength and all his life belonged to the cause to which he had devoted them. 'Baker,' said he—and to me they were his last words—'Baker, when I was struck I tried to stand firm; but the blow blinded me, and I could not.' I trust that it is no shame to my manhood that tears blinded me as he said it. Of his last hours I have no heart to speak. He was the last of his race; there was no kindred hand to smooth his couch or wipe the death-damps from his brow; but around that dying bed strong men, the friends of early manhood, the devoted adherents of later life, bowed in irrepressible grief, and 'lifted up their voices and wept.'"

BRODERICK'S FIRST DUEL.

We read in the *Tribune*: "D. C. Broderick, it will be remembered, fought a duel in 1852 at Contra Costa, with Judge J. Caleb Smith, son of 'Extra Billy,' in which he received a bullet at one of the side-pockets in his waistcoat, where, for the first and only time in his life, he carried his watch. The story goes that 'he started to the field with a new waistcoat, and on the way stopped at the jeweler's for his watch, which had been undergoing repairs. He then discovered, for the first time, that he had no watch-pocket, and he therefore placed his time-piece in the side-pocket, where, in breaking the force of Smith's bullet, it saved the owner's life.'"

MR. WARD AND COMMODORE TATTNALL THANKED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* states that a communication has been received at the Department of State from the British Government, through Lord Lyons, requesting that their acknowledgments may be conveyed to Mr. Ward, our Minister to China, and Commodore Tattnall, for their friendly conduct at the affair of the Pei-ho.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AT HOME.

A Lancaster (Pa.) paper says: "President Buchanan is spending a few days at his home at Wheatland, about a mile west of Lancaster. An incident which occurred yesterday fully illustrates his character when at home:

"It having been understood that Mr. Buchanan intended visiting our county fair, now open in Lancaster, the managers stationed sentinels at different points to give the signal of his approach, in order that he might be conducted into the inclosure in a manner befitting his station. Instead of driving there in his carriage, as was expected, he walked across the fields, a distance of a mile or more. He had purchased a ticket, and was conversing with some of his old friends, before his presence was announced to the managers. When told that it was the wish of the officers of the society to give him a formal reception, he expressed his thanks for the intended honor, stating that he preferred entering the grounds in the same manner as the rest of his fellow-citizens. He spent several hours on the grounds examining the various articles on exhibition, etc.

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN TO PLAY BASE-BALL.

The All England Eleven have received a challenge from a base-ball club of Philadelphia, but as they have had no practice whatever in the game they fear they would play it *à la* cricket, and intend to decline the challenge for the present. They have, however, obtained books of instruction and a specimen bat, and during the winter and spring will practice the game, so that when they visit this country next year (and they expect an invitation to that effect), they will be able to change position with their American friends, and become students instead of professors. They propose to come earlier next year. The only engagement that interferes with this plan is the Canterbury return match, appointed for the middle of August. This match they will either play at an earlier day or postpone altogether.

FILIBUSTERISM IN TEXAS.

On the 28th of September, Brownsville, Texas, was attacked by a party of guerrillas, two hundred strong, who killed five of the citizens and broke open the jail, and freed all the prisoners. While they were committing further depredations General Caravajal arrived from Matamoras, and persuaded the attacking party to desist. They were headed by Cartinas, who was seeking revenge, as he alleges, for injuries which he had received at the hands of the Brownsville authorities. The people of the city put no faith in the promises which these guerrillas gave the Mexicans to desist from further outrage, and fled to Matamoras, while expresses were dispatched to San Antonio for troops.

A HEROINE.

Porter's *Spirit of the Times* regrets to learn that one of our most extensive breeders of blood-stock at the North, J. B. Monnot, Esq., of Westchester County, New York, has met with a most serious loss—the burning of his whole range of stables. It appears that on the morning of Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Monnot left home with the intention of going to Albany to attend the State Fair, leaving his place in charge of his wife. Shortly after noon, while the men were yet at dinner, Mrs. Monnot discovered dense smoke issuing from the stables. She was alone with her women—not a man within call—the blood-horses, worth nearly $100,000, were in imminent danger. For a moment she was paralyzed, but soon recovered her presence of mind to perform what she considered a religious duty—to save her husband's property, even at the risk of her own life. Starting her women in various directions in search of assistance, she alone rushed into the stables, from the sides of which the flames were by this time bursting in every direction. Logan, the pride and pet of her husband, was to be saved; to unchain and lead him to the door of his box was but the work of an instant, but, terrified at the flames which met his sight, he rushed back to his stall, and resisted every attempt to lead him out; until, when nearly exhausted by her exertions, Mrs. Monnot succeeded in blindfolding him with part of her dress, when he became tractable, and submitted to be led to a place of safety. The foreman and helpers of the farm at last arrived, and soon had every *hoof* turned out.

HOW THE HORSES WERE CAUGHT.

Now commenced a scene the wildest and most appalling eye ever witnessed. The stables, which were sufficiently extensive to accommodate 150 horses, and barns containing over 100 tons of hay, were completely enveloped in flames. The horses, which, in the excitement of the moment, without regard to sex or age, were turned into a small inclosure, maddened by fear, commenced fighting furiously, kicking, biting, and tearing each other in a fearful manner, making it dangerous and apparently fool-hardy in the extreme to attempt to separate them. The foreman, however, watching his opportunity, succeeded in catching by the mane one of the most furious, a two-year-old colt, who reared and plunged at such a rate that the man was soon sent flying under the heels of the other horses. Mrs. Monnot again exhibited her nerve and courage by entering the inclosure and seizing the brute by the nose. She held him until the man recovered himself and procured a halter, with which the animal was secured.

Old Sylphide, by Emilius, bred by R. L. Stevens, Esq., now owned by Mr. Monnot, was very near being lost; she was surrounded by flames, and had to be taken out through a hole cut in the side of her stable. Having secured the stock to the best of her judgment, Mrs. Monnot sent an express messenger to convey the tidings of the calamity to her husband, who was intercepted just as he was on the point of embarking for Albany. On hearing the news his thoughts were not on his loss, but on his wife. His first exclamation was, "My God! and that poor woman's all alone!" He little thought that that poor woman, all alone, had really saved his immense property.

ALMOST A SHIPWRECK.

The steamship *Quaker City* arrived in Hampton Roads at 7½ P.M. on 12th, in tow of the steamer *State of Georgia*. The following is Captain Shufeldt's statement:

"The engine was smashed when thirty-six hours out from New York, and thirty-eight miles S.S.E. of Cape Hatteras.

"After the separation from the *Dunbarton*, on the 7th, the *Quaker City* made her way north and east under canvas. At 6 P.M. of the 9th she was in latitude 36° 58′, longitude 74° 22′, 130 miles from the first point named. There a steamer bound south passed without noticing our signals of distress or the firing of our guns, although apparently near enough for both. At 6½ P.M. the schooner *Kingfisher*, of New York, the name of whose captain is not known, bore away for us, and with the true characteristic of a seaman, hailed us, and said he would stick by us to the last, which promise he faithfully performed. The brig *Zena*, of Alexandria, also answered our signals, and laid by us until sent in search of a steamer. At 7 o'clock in the evening a gale from the northward, of great force, struck the ship, when she laid with her head to the eastward, behaving admirably for forty-eight hours. During this time it became necessary to heave overboard the deck freight. At noon on the 11th, the gale having abated, in latitude 36° 30′, longitude 74° 22′, the ship was taken in tow by the *Kingfisher*, and, aided by her own sails, succeeded in sailing 20 miles westward, when, at midnight, the *State of Georgia* ran down and took us in tow 60 miles northeast of Cape Henry. Captain Shufeldt desires publicly to thank the captains of the *Dunbarton*, *Kingfisher*, *Zena*, and *State of Georgia* for the prompt and cheerful manner in which they rendered him assistance; and without intending to discriminate, wishes particularly to express his gratitude to the captain of the *Kingfisher*. He is also grateful to the passengers for their consideration toward himself, and to the crew for their perfect quiet and coolness during the accident. (Signed) R. W. Shufeldt."

THE GREAT OYSTER-BED.

The Norwalk *Gazette* of October 4 says, that up to Saturday night, inclusive, upward of 150,000 bushels of oysters have been taken off in smacks, schooners, and other craft. All through the week, from two to three hundred sail of vessels were engaged in dredging—and again on Sunday over a hundred sail could be counted on the spot from the Connecticut highlands. A gentleman competent to judge, who has been upon the ground, gives it as his opinion that the entire bed can not be exhausted in five years.

The average earnings of every man who has worked upon the spot is stated by the Norwalk paper to be, at the lowest figure admissible, $20 a day. The discovery is more remunerative and valuable than any gold mine ever discovered in California. The excitement all along the Sound continues, and the New York papers publish columns about the discovery. The oystermen have not been so unwise as to turn any considerable quantity of their catch at once into the market to knock down the price. A few have been brought in to bait the public appetite, but most are transported to the shallow bays near the mouths of rivers and creeks, where their rapid growth will more than pay for the trouble of raking, besides giving to the oystermen the control of the market when the choicer varieties are scarce and in loud demand.

PERSONAL.

We read in the *Tribune:* "Senator Seward has gone to Egypt. It is a bold step—at least, so it is considered in Paris—for an American to make such an expedition so early in the season. Except the insalubrity of the season, he has chosen the best time to see many of the countries he has visited, especially Rome, Spain, and Egypt, for he escapes the throng of Americans and English and the sharks they bring about them, that infest the highways late in the season; and thus his view of the people and their institutions is less obstructed. It is doubtful whether he will be able to go down the Nile, and there is some danger that he may be detained longer in quarantine than will be agreeable."

The Bangor *Times* states that recently a divorce suit was tried at Houlton, in which Mrs. Coolbroth, daughter of Levi Barry, Esq., of Smyrna, was libelant, who sought a separation from her husband on the ground of his drunkenness and cruelty. The libelee alleged in defense improper conduct on the part of his wife, but without substantiating the same to the satisfaction of the jury. Mrs. Barry was present during the trial, but went home before the verdict was rendered, which, however, she learned by the return of her daughters. Although the verdict was in favor of her daughter, she was so deeply wrought upon by the trial and circumstances of the case, as is supposed, that she committed suicide by drowning herself in a brook near the house.

In the late fall or early winter of 1841, an elderly gentleman was overthrown in a sleigh, and thrown out with some violence, striking upon one of his shoulders, the side of his neck, and head. He was not much injured, but when he was raised up it was found that his head was evidently rotated one quarter round. There was no pressure upon the spine, and no inconvenience to breathing or swallowing, except what arose from the twisted condition of the organs. A physician saw him, and made some gentle manifestations, not daring to exert much force from fear of a sudden and fatal result. Several days passed, the old gentleman remaining quite comfortable. One morning, in attempting to rise from his bed (to do which he was obliged to lift his head with his hands), as he lifted, with a sharp snap the head flew round into its usual position, and the family were astonished to see him walk into the breakfast room, apparently as right as before the accident. Nor was any subsequen inconvenience experienced save a slight stiffness for a few days.

Letters have been received in England from Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler. At last accounts he was at Expedition Island, having witnessed various battles between the Portuguese and the natives of the country, in which the latter were badly defeated. In one case the natives were found in possession of many pieces of bronze cannon. He had a very narrow escape from death by drowning, and expected to leave soon for Tete. In his journey he speaks of having seen some curious and remarkable people.

The Paris (Kentucky) *Flag* states that the country in and around "Head-Quarters," Nicholas County, in that State, had been for many weeks terribly excited about a "big wedding," at which every body was to be present, and which was to come off regardless of expense. The parties to be married were Mr. James H—— and Miss Anna Y. J——. Every thing went on smoothly till the night before the wedding (the marriage was to take place in the morning and the jollification to last all day), when the young lady, instead of going to her bed, packed up a few clothes, and at midnight left the house in company with Mr. Frank C——, and, as fast as horse-flesh could carry them, sped for Aberdeen, Ohio, where, as day was breaking, they were married.

Governor Morgan has just purchased three horses in Monroe County. The purchase consists of a pair of elegant bays, a carriage team, and a black. The horses were exhibited at the State Fair, and they there attracted the attention of the Governor, who is said to be a good horseman, and a bargain was struck. The carriage horses are sixteen and a half hands high, and the same team that was exhibited last summer at the County Horse show in Brighton. The Governor thinks he has got the best carriage team in the State, and many will agree with his Excellency on this point. The single horse was sold to the Governor to please his daughter, who took a fancy to it as a saddle beast.

A letter from Paris says that M. Mario has entered into an engagement with the theatre at Madrid, and that Madame Grisi is going to St. Petersburg.

The *Journal of Commerce* says the following letter was lately received by the Secretary of an Insurance Company in this city, in response to an advertisement for a book-keeper. The writer thoughtfully incloesd a leaf cut from an old account book as a sample of his work. Either the applicant is an original genius, or a wag of the first water:

"Big Tasee, Wilkes Co., Ga.

"My dear Sir,—I am a wanting of a situation in book-keeping, and Mr. Shirman said how that you would like to get me in your office. If so please answer to oncet. I send you a specimen of my single entry, but I can keep 'em double as well. I am all of a tremble, having just been licking a nigger. From yours truly,

"F. S. Hirshfelder."

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* gives this notice of "Peter Parley:"

"I saw the venerable Peter Parley Goodrich in Wall Street to-day, leaning on the arm of his son, 'Dick Tinto' Goodrich. The old man is fading and failing fast. He wore his spectacles, and had a handkerchief around his throat. His step was unsteady, and I was satisfied that the popular author who had delighted so many hearts and homes, and given to the schools so many pleasant and useful books, can not long remain among us. It is very rarely nowadays that the old man leaves his quiet home in Connecticut to make a visit to New York.

Mr. C. C. Coe, the aeronaut, who was severely injured a short time since while engaged in securing his balloon, by falling from a tree, has had his arm amputated at the elbow.

The Sunday car question has taken a new direction in Pittsburgh. Heretofore it has been a car question, pure and simple; it is now becoming mixed up with carriages, and no less than thirteen affidavits were made on Sunday, at the mayor's office, in Pittsburgh, against different citizens, charging them with a breach of the Sunday law, in causing their carriages to be driven through the streets. Among those complained of the name of the Chief Justice of the State appears.

"Mrs. Jones," said a gentleman, one day last summer, when railroad accidents were so numerous, to a lady, whose husband was a brakesman, "Mrs. Jones, do you not feel worried about Mr. Jones while he is on the cars, in view of the many accidents that are now daily occurring?" "W-e-l-l n-o—not at all," replied the contented lady, "for, d'ye see, if he is killed I know I shall be paid for it, because Mr. Williams got $40 for his cow that was run over by the cars a few days since!"

Mr. A. W. Wellington, of East Braintree, on Wednesday, while digging a hill of potatoes, near his house, dug up a pine-tree shilling, dated 1652, the first year after authority was given to Massachusetts Bay to coin money. The coin is almost as bright and as perfect as a new piece.

A great-grand-daughter of General Israel Putnam, who is the daughter of J. H. Holbrook, Esq., of Brooklyn, Connecticut, and herself an exceedingly pretty and interesting girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, on the arrival of the Putnam Phalanx at the Windham station, on their return from Providence, placed a wreath upon the neck of the Major Commandant, and then saluted him with a graceful kiss.

The Richmond *Enquirer* states that Mr. Letcher, the Governor elect of Virginia, is lying at home in a very dangerous condition from an attack of erysipelas, a disease to which, for some time back, he has been subject, but which now is more formidable than usual.

A lady came near losing her life by a singular accident, in Louisville, while riding in a buggy. One end of a scarf, which she wore around her shoulders, blew off, and was caught in the spokes of one of the rapidly revolving wheels of the vehicle, and wound up in such a manner as to draw her neck down to the wheel, choking her severely.

Senator Foote has presented to the United States Circuit and District Court for the District of Vermont, and the members of the Bar, his entire law, Congressional, and miscellaneous library, consisting of 2000 volumes.

In Cincinnati, on Monday, two youths were united in marriage, at the City Prison, and both are waiting transportation to the State Penitentiary, each for one year. The bride appeared quite gay in anticipation of the honey-moon to come by and by.

M. Blondin, the great rope-walker, has purchased a house completely furnished at Niagara Falls, for $4000 cash, which amount is about half of the profits of his feats across the chasm of the Niagara during the summer.

Mayor Mayo, the "pet of the 7th," of Richmond, Virginia, has hit upon a novel and original expedient for securing vigilance from his night police. It is no less a scheme than offering a premium of $10 for every officer's baton presented in the morning, and which can be shown to have been taken while its proper possessor was asleep.

The report of a marriage engagement between Senator Sumner and a wealthy lady in the vicinity of Boston, circulated some months since, is contradicted by the Boston *Transcript*.

Juarez, the President of Mexico, has ordered the erection of a statue in honor of Alexander Von Humboldt, to be placed in the Mining Academy of the City of Mexico.

Senator Douglas has recently had born unto him an heir of his fame and estates, who will be known as "Ellen."

We have to record the death of Jacob Kniffen, an old soldier of the Revolution, who died in this city on October 10th, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years and three months. He was born at Haverstraw in 1760. At the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, though then but a mere lad, he shouldered his musket and joined the ranks of the "Rebels." He was often engaged in ferrying troops to and fro between the old King's Ferry, now Verplanck's Point and Stony Point; and in his later years it was his proudest boast that his then brawny arm had many a time impelled the boat that contained the person of the great Chief of the Army of Independence.

He was one of the picked men in the vans that composed the forlorn hope at the battle of Stony Point, and was standing near the gallant Colonel De Fleury when that officer, who was the first to enter the fort, struck the British colors from the works. He was besides engaged in many of the skirmishes that were constantly taking place on the bloody neutral ground of Westchester County; and many a time, by the "winter's hearth," has it been the writer's pleasure to listen to the "old man eloquent" recite the story of the early struggles in which he was engaged for the attainment of liberty for himself and his descendants. His offspring, composed of children to great great grandchildren, number nearly *two hundred*, many of whom attended his funeral, which took place at Dobb's Ferry, the neighborhood of his early dangers in the cause of his country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

At latest dates the repairs on the *Great Eastern* were going actively forward at Portland, but it was considered doubtful whether the ship could be got ready for sea during the month of October. The fittings, and all matters connected with her sea-going equipment, had been placed entirely in the hands of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, and this, it was supposed, would increase the expected delay. It was thought probable that in a few days the ship would proceed to Southampton for convenience of receiving materials from London, and for the gratification of excursionists, who continued to visit her in thousands.

FRANCE.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO CHINA.

Some fresh details have been given in a Paris Journal respecting the projected expedition to China. The force is to consist of 12,000 men, chosen from the best men of every corps. It is certain that all the men of a regiment are not fitted to endure the climate. A dépôt to repair deficiencies is to be established near Hong Kong or Shanghai. The departure of the force can not take place before the first fortnight of November.

PLON-PLON NOT TO GET A THRONE.

We read in the Paris *Moniteur* of September 28: "Some foreign journals have stated that the solution of the affairs of Italy would be impeded by the desire of the Emperor of the French to found a kingdom in Italy for a prince of his house. *These rumors do not need refutation.* To deprive them of all value it suffices, without speaking of the engagements entered into at Villafranca, to bring to recollection *the acts and the words of the Emperor Napoleon before and since that epoch.*"

SWITZERLAND.

THE ZURICH CONFERENCE.

It was stated that the Conferences at Zurich were again progressing.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the task of the Plenipotentiaries has been diminished by dispatches from Vienna, and that it is believed the conferences will be terminated in a few days, unless fresh instructions should be received. The amended programme is stated to be as follows:

"A definitive treaty of peace will be signed by the three Powers, when another treaty will be drawn up, by which Austria will cede Lombardy to France, who will make it over to Sardinia. The most difficult point in the double transfer is the debt, and on this head it is believed Austria will moderate her demands. Documents will be brought up respecting the Italian Confederation, the restoration of the Dukes, and other unsettled questions; but they can only be signed by the Austrian and French Plenipotentiaries, as Sardinia utterly rejects the restoration of the Dukes, and will not agree to a Confederation under the present circumstances."

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF AFFAIRS.

The representative of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at Rome has refused to deliver up the Embassy House, although threatened with the confiscation of his own property in Tuscany. It is said he is supported in his refusal by the Embassadors of France and Austria.

The Dictator of Modena has given orders for the purchase of 30,000 Minié rifles, and also of the horses of the Piedmontese cavalry which have been re-formed.

A telegraph dispatch from Naples announces that the King has left for the Roman frontiers for the purpose, it was said, of having an interview with the Pope.

Letters from Rome mention a rumor of an insurrectionary movement in the Abruzzi, and state that the King of Naples has sent troops to put it down.

RUSSIA.

HOW SCHAMYL WAS TAKEN.

We read in the St. Petersburg correspondence of *Le Nord:* "After numerous defeats, Schamyl, as a last resource, shut himself up, with 400 murides who remained faithful to him, in the fortified aoûl of Gounib. Gounib is a fortified stronghold, on very elevated ground, of large extent. On three sides the rocks are perpendicular; the only other side was deemed impregnable, and it was supposed that a handful of determined men could have defended it for months against any odds.

"Prince Bariatinski ordered the attack to be made on both sides at once. The attack commenced on the 7th of September. While the chief attack was made on the only accessible side a number of men, who volunteered, scaled the rocks. The enemy was taken by surprise. A fearful struggle ensued. The resistance was most determined. Of the 400 murides in Gounib only 47 remained alive. Five guns were captured.

"Schamyl retired to a house cut out in the solid rock. The *plateau* was covered with corpses. We have lost more than 100 men. Prince Bariatinski, who had come up, summoned Schamyl to surrender, and ordered his men to cease firing. The Imam asked upon what conditions.

"'Come out without conditions,' said the Prince.

"Schamyl came out, and the Prince met him, though advised by his officers to retire for fear of treachery.

"'Are you Schamyl?' said the Prince. 'Yes, I am,' replied the Imam. 'Well, your life is safe; you may keep your wives and treasure, but to-morrow I send you to St. Petersburg. Your fate will depend upon the will of the Emperor, my august master.'

"Schamyl bowed without uttering a word. The Prince then said to him, 'I expected you at Teflis; I thought you would have come to make your submission. As you did not, I was obliged to come and seek you here.'

"Turning then to Lieutenant-Colonel Grabbe, Prince Bariatinski said, 'Start at once for St. Petersburg, tell his Majesty what you have seen and heard. I will send written details to-morrow, and Schamyl with them.'"

TURKEY.

THE LATE CONSPIRACY.

A dispatch from Constantinople, dated the 21st of September, gives interesting details of a conspiracy recently discovered in that capital. Very important arrests have been made, and energetic measures have been taken to secure public tranquillity. The cause and view of this conspiracy are still unknown. An Ionian captain, who has been engaged in the Imperial barge, has also been accused of being concerned in this attempt against the life of the Sultan.

CHINA.

MR. WARD IN A BOX.

We read in the Paris *Pays* of September 28: "The last news from Shanghai establishes beyond a doubt the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American Envoy, at Pekin.

"This diplomatist ascended the Ki-Tcheou-Yun-Ho, one of the branches of the Pei-hô, accompanied by all the members of his legation. Arrived at Ning-Ho-Fou, the American corvette which had brought Mr. Ward was retained in the port.

"The members of the legation, under the guidance of a Mandarin, were placed in a huge box, about five metres long by three broad (about sixteen by ten feet) which was closed every where but above, so as to prevent those it contained from seeing the country. This box, or traveling chamber, provided with all things necessary to the comfort of the traveler, was placed on a raft, and taken first up the river, and then up the Imperial Canal, as far as the gate of the capital.

"Here it was placed on a large truck drawn by oxen, and in this way the Minister of the United States and the members of his legation entered the town of Pekin.

"They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese, but were not allowed to see any thing.

"The truck was drawn into the court-yard of a large house, which was to be the residence of the American envoys, but from which they were not to be allowed to go out.

"At the last dates they were awaiting their interview with the Emperor.

"They had not been allowed to have any communication with the outer world, but were permitted to send a dispatch to Mr. Fish, the American consul at Shanghai, informing him of their safety.

"*After the interview, the American Minister was to be reconducted to the frontier in the same way as that in which he came.*"

THE CHINESE ACCOUNT OF THE PEI-HO BATTLE.

The Chinese Commandant has sent the following dispatch to the Emperor: "He can not bear to speak minutely of the insolent bearing of the rebellious barbarians during several days. Suffice it to say that, when your slave Hanfugh had hastened to Peitang, and written to their envoy upon the subject of proceeding to a personal conference, they paid no attention to him, but reiterated their demands for the complete removal of all obstructions within a specified time."—[After stating that Admiral Hope insisted on the removal of the barriers, he adds]: "To put up with this proud, rebellious bearing was indeed difficult, but the reflection that the measure of pacification, which was now in its second year of process, would be utterly deranged were a fire once opened, induced [the memorialist] to submit to it in silence, and quietly to abide his time, thus encouraging the barbarians in their pride, and feeding the fury of our soldiers. Just as the action was about to commence, an officer with a communication from the Tantai of Tientsin was sent once more to warn them. The barbarians would not permit the letter to be handed in, and their vessels advancing like a swarm of bees right up to the second fort upon the southern bank, bore straight down upon the iron chains twice, but being all brought up by these, they opened fire upon our batteries. Our soldiers, pent in as their fury had been for a long time, could no longer be restrained, the guns of every division, large and small, opened upon all sides, and at evening the firing had not ceased. More than twenty boats now came alongside the bank of the Southern Fort, and the barbarians, landing in a body, formed outside the trench. Our gingall and matchlock divisions were then brought up to oppose them, and fired several volleys. The barbarians did not venture to cross the ditch, but threw themselves down among the rushes, and fired on us from their ambush. Such murderous ferocity was indeed calculated to make one's hair stand up (*i.e.*, with rage), and to vindicate the honor of the State, and fulfill at the same time the expectations of the Government, your slaves were obliged to bring forward their troops with their utmost strength.

THE RESULT OF THE ACTION.

"As we could not tell how far these were off, our soldiers kept them back by projecting fire-balls through bamboo tubes, and as these blazed up, our guns and cannon being laid, by firing into them at point blank cartridge, till, their skill and strength alike exhausted, they dared no longer to continue the engagement, but slunk back to their ships. It was daybreak before our men began to return to their ranks.

"The barbarian dead lay piled in heaps, there being one hundred and some tens of bodies, exclusive of those carried off on board their ships; also forty-one foreign guns and sets of accoutrements, and a great number of other barbarian articles. Three boats, too, were stranded, hiding himself in one of which was a barbarian soldier, who was captured alive by our troops. Another was brought off a prisoner from the mud.

"These men stated, when examined, that one was an Englishman and the other an American, and that during the action they had come in with the reserve in the boats from the bay.

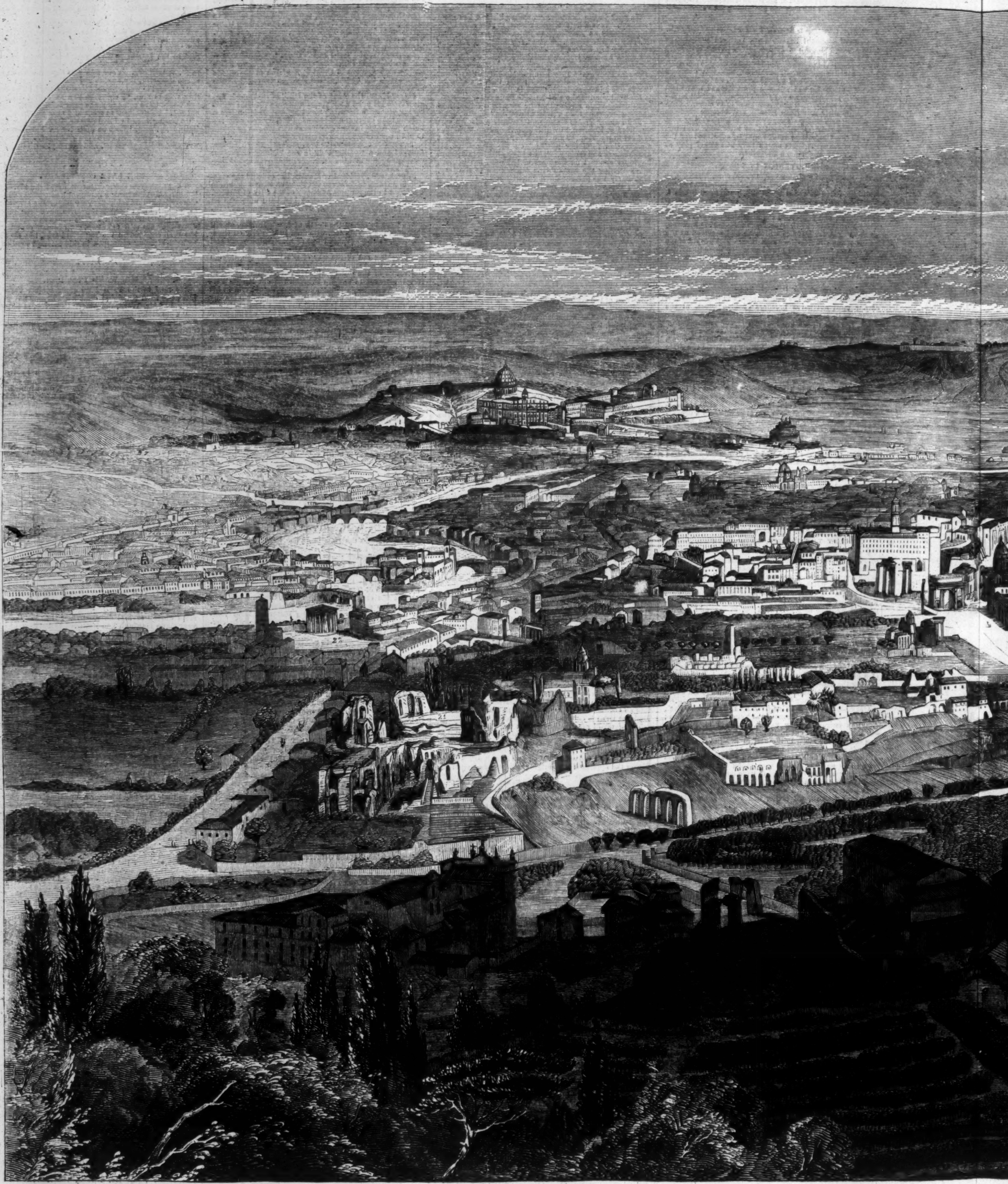
"Your slave Hangfuh appointed an officer to guard the prisoners, holding that [in the possession of them] there might, at some future time, be a means of enabling us to vouchsafe conciliatory intentions."

JAPAN.

TRADE INTERRUPTED.

We read in the Hong Kong Trade Report of August 9: "Our relations with Japan have taken a somewhat unsatisfactory turn. Mr. Alcock, the American Consul-General, has returned to Jeddo, where he has been received, and where treaties have been interchanged with all the publicity and courtesy desirable. But afterward the Japanese authorities, in place of putting the treaty in execution, tried to elude it in a most flagrant manner. The stipulations which they refused to execute are so important that the Consul-General can not withdraw them. In the first place, instead of giving Kanagawa, near Jeddo, as a residence for strangers, the Japanese prepared to receive them on an island ten miles from Jeddo, where they wish to exercise the same surveillance as at Desima. The second point relates to the standard value of money: the Government has coined a new currency for the foreign commerce, which the inhabitants will not have the power of changing except with considerable loss, so that the Japanese tradesman will be obliged to triple the price of articles in his relations with the stranger. The Consul-General, who is still at Jeddo, has made a protest, and commerce is stopped."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY O



1. Porto and Piazza del Popolo.—2. Monte Pincio.—3. The French Academy.—4. Mausoleum of Hadrian.—5. The Vatican.—6. St. Peter's.—7. Piazza Navona.—8. Pantheon.—9. The Quirinal Palace.—10. The Capitol.—11. Forum—Arch of Septimius Sev
20. Mount Palatine.—21. Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.—22. Temple of Vesta.—23. Temple of Claudius.—24. Church of St. John

THE CITY OF ROME.

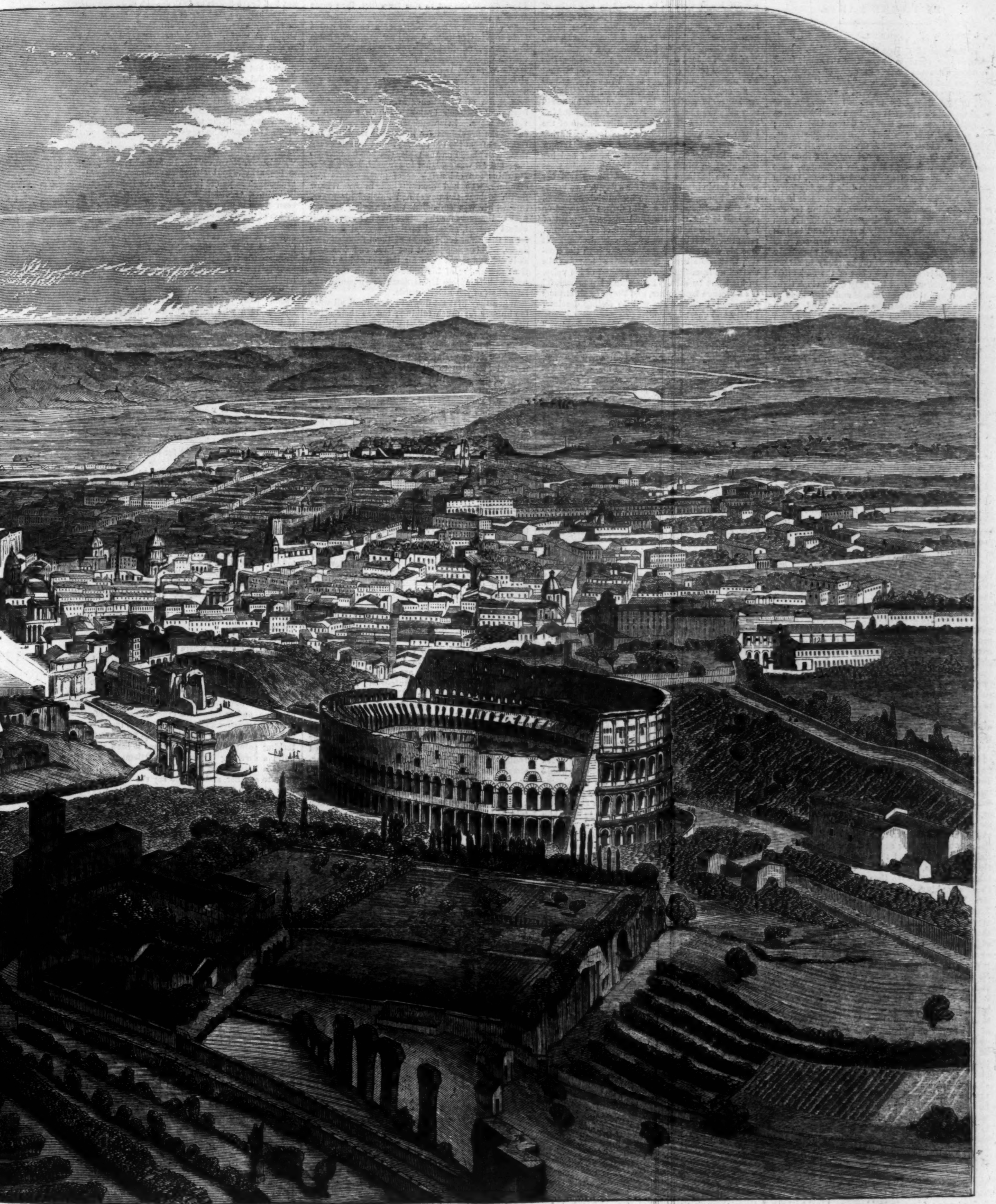
EVERY traveler has been to Rome. Every one who has been there will be glad to see the above picture, in which he will be able to trace out the localities on which he once gazed with such interest; to people who have not been to Rome the view will serve as a substitute for the voyage.

In these limits no description of the ancient city is possible. We must, for this, refer to the guide books and descriptive works on Italy. We may say, however, that our picture includes the whole city from end to end, and that a careful study of it will enable the beholder to make out almost all the buildings and sites which possess historical fame.

This old city has a never-ending history. One may study the old Roman Republic in its ruins for years; to master the remains the Roman Empire requires a lifetime; a long period may be employed in unearthing the vestiges of medieval and the early Papal Rome; and now, in these latter days, Rome promises us a new history, perhaps as interesting, perhaps as useful as the old. Two thousand years—from the dawn of light to our day—lie recorded on the stones and the dust of the noble old city.

If, indeed, we can admit that the fables generally called the early history of Rome have any substantial foundation in fact, then the tale told by the "stones of Rome" stretches over a period exceeding two thousand years; for, as every schoolboy knows, the Cloaca Maxima, or great sewer, is said to date from the kings. But it is well to be incredulous on these pre-historical facts. Before the column of Duillius—of which, we believe, the original long since perished—there is no monument of old Rome which constitutes a stable landmark for the historian. That column carries us back to the beginning of the Punic War. Then follow a couple of centuries which have left little or no mark on the soil. It was not till the commencement of the age of dictators that any thing considerable was done in stone, or marble, or bronze, which still survives. Even of the Augustan Ag rare and sadly shattered. The round the palace of the Cæsars is that he is the successor, so far concerned, of the monarch whose the most splendid revival of art corded in history. As the Empire manent monuments increased. there a pillar; on one side a templ mausoleum, on another a splend carry us back to antiquity and te

OF ROME.—[From a Photograph.]



s Severus.—12. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.—13. The Arch of Titus.—14. Constantine's Basilica.—15. Temple of Venus and Rome.—16. Monte Pincio.—17. The Meta Sudans Fountain.—18. The Colosseum.—19. St. Peter in Vincoli.—
ohn and St. Paul.—25. Villa Mattei.—26. Remains of the Arch of Dolabella.—27. Mount Janiculum.—28. The Farnesine.

n Age, the relics are
The owl that broods
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nd teach us that the
old stories of the Roman Empire are not fable, but practical reality. For two to three hundred years almost each Emperor left some memorial which diligent search will bring to light. As we approach the 5th century, however, these relics grow scarcer, and by A.D. 400 they almost disappear.

From the removal of the seat of government to the East to the revival of learning, nearly one thousand years afterward, very little was done toward keeping up the history "written on the stones." A great savage-looking castle or two, frowning in sullen ugliness ; a few Gothic churches, less numerous than might have been expected ; and the "house of the Tribune Rienzi," are almost the only landmarks which dot the great blank. With the revival of learning the scene changes, and once more Rome writes its annals in characters of stone and marble and bronze, as magnificently and as durably as in the age of the Cæsars. Statues, which Praxiteles might have owned, adorn edifices which neither Augustus nor Hadrian could have built ; the relics of old Rome, highly prized as they were by the learned men, are swept away to make room for works of art more splendid still. This age lasted a century or so, and then the historians stopped again.

The past two centuries have not written their names on Roman soil. Every thing that is worth looking at is at least two hundred years old. Only lately, in our own day, have the incapable Romans begun to do a little something toward marking the fact of their existence by improving their sea-port ; digging up statues out of the earth ; and, quite latterly, in laying a railroad. But the visitor who sees Rome five hundred years hence will never have his attention drawn to the 18th or the first half of the 19th centuries.

Perhaps, if the Papal incubus were got rid of, and the curse of priestly despotism removed, the Romans might once again revive to life and energy, and inscribe more characters on the old page. There is ample room, ample taste, ample money, for monuments as grand as the Pantheon or St. Peter's.

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

IN the year 1691, Lois Barclay [illegible] on a little wooden pier, steadying herself on the stable land, in much the same manner as, eight or nine weeks ago, she had tried to steady herself on the deck of the rocking ship which had carried her across from Old to New England. It seemed as strange now to be on solid earth as it had been not long ago to be rocked by the sea, both by day and by night; and the aspect of the land was equally strange. The forests which showed in the distance all round, and which, in truth, were not very far from the wooden houses forming the town of Boston, were of different shades of green, and different, too, in shape of outline to those which Lois Barclay knew well in her old home in Warwickshire. Her heart sank a little as she stood alone, waiting for the captain of the good ship *Redemption*—the kind rough old sailor, who was her only known friend in this unknown continent. Captain Holdernesse was busy, however, as she saw, and it would probably be some time before he would be ready to attend to her; so Lois sat down on one of the casks that lay about, and wrapped her gray duffle cloak tight about her, and sheltered herself under her hood as well as might be from the piercing wind, which seemed to follow those whom it had tyrannized over at sea with a dogged wish of still tormenting them on land. Very patiently did Lois sit there, although she was weary and shivering with cold; for the day was severe for May, and the *Redemption*, with store of necessaries and comforts for the Puritan colonists of New England, was the earliest ship that had ventured across the seas.

How could Lois help thinking of the past, and speculating on the future, as she sat on Boston pier, at this breathing-time of her life? In the dim sea-mist which she gazed upon with aching eyes (filled, against her will, with tears from time to time), there rose the little village church of Barford (not three miles from Warwick, you may see it yet), where her father had preached ever since 1661, long before she was born. Her father and mother both lay dead in Barford church-yard; and the old low gray church could hardly come before her vision without her seeing the old parsonage too, the cottage covered with Austrian roses, and yellow jasmine, where she had been born, sole child of parents already long past the prime of youth.

There were some who would fain have kept her there; one who swore in his heart a great oath unto the Lord that he would seek her sooner or later, if she was still upon the earth. But he was the rich heir and only son of the Miller Lucy, whose mill stood by the Avon-side in the grassy Barford meadows, and his father looked higher for him than the penniless daughter of Parson Barclay (so low were parsons esteemed in those days!), and the very suspicion of Hugh Lucy's attachment to Lois Barclay made his parents think it more prudent not to offer the orphan a home, although none other of the parishioners had the means, even if they had the will, to do so.

So Lois swallowed her tears down till the time came for crying, and acted upon her mother's words:

"Lois, thy father is dead of this terrible fever, and I am dying. Nay, it is so, though I am easier from pain for these few hours, the Lord be praised. The cruel men of the Commonwealth have left thee very friendless. Thy father's only brother was shot down at Edgehill. I, too, have a brother, though thou hast never heard me speak of him, for he was a schismatic, and thy father and he had words, and he left for that new country beyond the seas without ever saying farewell to us. But Ralph was a kind lad till he took up these new-fangled notions, and for the old days' sake he will take thee in, and love thee as a child, and place thee among his children. Blood is thicker than water. Write to him as soon as I am gone—for, Lois, I am going—and I bless the Lord that has letten me join my husband again so soon." (Such was the selfishness of conjugal love; she thought little of Lois's desolation in comparison with her rejoicing over her speedy reunion with her dead husband!) "Write to thine uncle, Ralph Hickson, Salem, New England (put it down, child, on thy tablets), and say that I, Henrietta Barclay, charge him, for the sake of all he holds dear in heaven or on earth, for his salvation's sake, as well as for the sake of the old home at Lester-bridge, for the sake of the father and mother that gave us birth, as well as for the sake of the six little children who lie dead between him and me, that he take thee into his home as if thou wert his own flesh and blood, as indeed thou art. He has a wife and children of his own, and no one need fear having thee, my Lois, my darling, my baby, among his household. Oh, Lois, would that thou wert dying with me! The thought of thee makes death sore!" Lois comforted her mother more than herself, poor child, by promises to obey her dying wishes to the letter, and by expressing hopes she dared not feel of her uncle's kindness.

"Promise me"—the dying woman's breath came harder and harder—"that thou wilt go at once. The money our goods will bring—the letter thy father wrote to Captain Holdernesse, his old school-fellow—thou knowest all I would say—my Lois, God bless thee!"

Solemnly did Lois promise; strictly she kept her word. It was all the more easy, for Hugh Lucy met her, and told her, in one great burst of love, of his passionate attachment, his vehement struggles with his father, his impotence at present, his hopes and resolves for the future. And intermingled with all this came such outrageous threats and expressions of uncontrolled vehemence, that Lois felt that in Barford she must not linger to be a cause of desperate quarrel between father and son, while her absence might soften down matters so that either the rich old miller might relent, or—and her heart ached to think of the other possibility—Hugh's love might cool, and the dear playfellow of her childhood might learn to forget. If not—if Hugh were to be trusted in one tithe of what he said—God might permit him to fulfill his resolve of coming to seek her out before many years were out. It was all in God's hands, and that was best, thought Lois Barclay.

She was roused out of her trance of recollections by Captain Holdernesse, who, having done all that was necessary in the way of orders and directions to his mate, now came up to her, and, praising her for her quiet patience, he told her that he would now take her to the Widow Smith's, a decent kind of house, where he and many other sailors of the better order were in the habit of lodging during their stay on the New England shores. Widow Smith, he said, had a parlor for herself and her daughters, in which Lois might sit, while he went about the business that he had before told her would detain him in Boston for a day or two before he could accompany her to her uncle's at Salem. All this had been to a certain degree arranged on shipboard; but Captain Holdernesse, for want of any thing else that he could think of to talk about, recapitulated it as he and Lois walked along. It was his way of showing sympathy with the emotion that made her gray eyes full of tears, as she started up from the pier at the sound of his voice. In his heart he said, "Poor wench! poor wench! it's a strange land to her, and they are all strange folks, and I reckon she will be feeling desolate. I'll try and cheer her up."

"They are a queer set, these New Englanders," said Captain Holdernesse. "They are rare chaps for praying; down on their knees at every turn of their life. Folk are none so busy in a new country, else they would have to pray like me, with a 'Yo-hoy!' on each side of my prayers, and a rope cutting like fire through my hand. Yon pilot was for calling us all to thanksgiving for a good voyage, and lucky escape from the pirates; but I said I always put up my thanks on dry land after I had got my ship into harbor. The French colonists, too, are vowing vengeance for the expedition against Canada, and the people here are raging like heathens—at least, as like as godly folk can be—for the loss of their charter. All that is the news the pilot told me; for, for all he wanted us to be thanksgiving instead of casting the lead, he was as down in the mouth as could be about the state of the country. But here we are at Widow Smith's! Now, cheer up, and show the godly a pretty smiling Warwickshire lass!"

Any body would have smiled at Widow Smith's greeting. She was a comely, motherly woman, dressed in the primmest fashion in vogue twenty years before, in England, among the class to which she belonged. But somehow her pleasant face gave the lie to her dress; were it as brown and sober-colored as could be, folk remembered it cheerful, because it was a part of Widow Smith herself.

She kissed Lois on both cheeks before she rightly understood who the stranger maiden was; only because she was a stranger, and looked sad and forlorn; and then she kissed her again because Captain Holdernesse commended her to the widow's good offices. And so she led Lois by the hand into her rough, substantial log-house, over the door of which hung a great bough of a tree, by way of sign of entertainment for man and horse. Yet not all men were received by Widow Smith. To some she could be as cold and reserved as need be, deaf to all inquiries save one—where else they could find accommodation? To this question she would give a ready answer, and speed the unwelcome guest on his way. Widow Smith was guided in these matters by instinct; one glance at a man's face told her whether or not she chose to have him as an inmate of the same house as her daughters; and her promptness of decision in these matters gave her manner a kind of authority which no one liked to disobey, especially as she had stalwart neighbors within call to back her if her assumed deafness in the first instance, and her voice and gesture in the second, were not enough to give the would-be guest his dismissal. Widow Smith chose her customers merely by their physical aspect; not one whit with regard to their apparent worldly circumstances. Those who had been staying at her house once always came again, for she had the knack of making every one beneath her roof comfortable and at his ease. Her daughters, Prudence and Hester, had somewhat of their mother's gifts, but not in such perfection. They reasoned a little upon a stranger's appearance, instead of knowing at the first moment whether they liked him or no; they noticed the indications of his clothes, the quality and cut thereof, as telling somewhat of his station in society; they were more reserved, they hesitated more than their mother; they had not her prompt authority, her happy power. Their bread was not so light, their cream went sometimes to sleep when it should have been turning into butter, their hams were not always "just like the hams of the old country," as their mother's were invariably pronounced to be; yet they were good, orderly, kindly girls, and rose and greeted Lois with a friendly shake of the hand, as their mother, with her arm round the stranger's waist, led her into the private room which she called her parlor. The aspect of this room was strange in the English girl's eyes. The logs of which the house was built showed here and there through the mud plaster, although before both plaster and logs were hung the skins of many curious animals—skins presented to the widow by many a trader of her acquaintance, just as her sailor guests brought her another description of gift—shells, strings of wampum-beads, sea-birds' eggs, and presents from the old country. The room was more like a small museum of natural history of these days than a parlor; and it had a strange, peculiar, but not unpleasant smell about it, neutralized in some degree by the smoke from the enormous trunk of pine-wood which smouldered on the hearth. The instant their mother told them that Captain Holdernesse was in the outer room the girls began putting away their spinning-wheel and knitting-needles, and preparing for a meal of some kind; what meal Lois, sitting there and unconsciously watching, could hardly tell. First, dough was set to rise for cakes, then came out of a corner cupboard—a present from England—an enormous square bottle of a cordial called Golden Wasser; next, a mill for grinding chocolate—a rare, unusual treat any where at that time; then a great Cheshire cheese. Three venison steaks were cut ready for broiling, fat cold pork sliced up and treacle poured over it; a great pie something like a mince-pie, but which the daughters spoke of with honor as the "punken-pie," fresh and salt-fish brandered, oysters cooked in various ways. Lois wondered where would be the end of the provisions for hospitably receiving the strangers from the old country. At length every thing was placed on the table, the hot food smoking; but all was cool, not to say cold, before Elder Hawkins (an old neighbor of much repute and standing, who had been invited in by Widow Smith to hear the news) had finished his grace, into which was embodied thanksgiving for the past and prayers for the future lives of every individual present, adapted to their several cases as far as the Elder could guess at them from appearances. This grace might not have ended so soon as it did had it not been for the somewhat impatient drumming of his knife-handle on the table with which Captain Holdernesse accompanied the latter half of the Elder's words.

When they first sat down to their meal all were too hungry for much talking; but as their appetites diminished their curiosity increased, and there was much to be told and heard on both sides. With all the English intelligence Lois was, of course, well acquainted; but she listened with natural attention to all that was said about the new country, the new people among whom she had come to live. Her father had been a Jacobite, as the adherents of the Stuarts were beginning at this time to be called. His father, again, had been a follower of Archbishop Laud; so Lois had hitherto heard little of the conversation and seen little of the ways of the Puritans. Elder Hawkins was one of the strictest of the sect, and evidently his presence kept the two daughters of the house considerably in awe. But the widow herself was a privileged person; her known goodness of heart (the effects of which had been experienced by many) gave her the liberty of speech which was tacitly denied to many, under penalty of being esteemed ungodly if they infringed certain conventional limits. And Captain Holdernesse and his mate spoke out their minds, let who would be present. So that on this first landing in New England Lois was, as it were, gently let down into the midst of the Puritan peculiarities, and yet they were sufficient to make her feel very lonely.

The first subject of conversation was the present state of the colony—Lois soon found out that—although at the beginning she was not a little perplexed by the frequent reference to names of places which she naturally associated with the old country. Widow Smith was speaking: "In county of Essex the folks are ordered to keep four scouts, or companies of minute-men; six persons in each company; to be on the look-out for the wild Indians, who are forever stirring about in the woods, stealthy brutes as they are! I am sure I got such a fright the first harvest-time after I came over to New England, I go on dreaming, now near twenty years after Lothrop's business, of painted Indians, with their shaven scalps and their war-streaks, lurking behind the trees, and coming nearer and nearer with their noiseless steps."

"Yes," broke in one of her daughters, "and, mother, don't you remember how Hannah Benson told us how her husband had cut down every tree near his house at Deerbrook, in order that no one might come near him under cover; and how one evening she was a-sitting in the twilight, when all her family were gone to bed, and her husband gone off to Plymouth on business, and she saw a log of wood, just like a trunk of a felled tree, lying in the shadow, and thought nothing of it till, on looking again a while after, she fancied it was come a bit nearer to the house; and how her heart turned sick with fright, and how she dared not stir at first, but shut her eyes while she counted a hundred, and looked again, and the shadow was deeper, but she could see that the log was nearer; so she ran in and bolted the door, and went up to where her eldest lad lay. It was Elijah, and he was but sixteen then; but he rose up at his mother's words, and took his father's long duck-gun down, and he tried the loading, and spoke for the first time to put up a prayer that God would give his aim good guidance, and went to a window that gave upon the side where the log lay, and fired, and no one dared to look what came of it, but all the household read the Scriptures, and prayed the whole night long till morning came, and showed a long stream of blood lying on the grass close by the log, which the full sunlight showed to be no log at all, but just a Red Indian covered with bark, and painted most skillfully, with his war-knife by his side."

All were breathless with listening, though to most the story, or such like it, were familiar. Then another took up the tale of horror:

"And the pirates have been down at Marblehead since you were here, Captain Holdernesse. 'Twas only the last winter they landed—French Papist pirates—and the people kept close within their houses, for they knew not what would come of it; and they dragged folk ashore. There was one woman among those folk—prisoners from some vessel, doubtless—and the pirates took them by force to the inland marsh: and the Marblehead folk kept still and quiet, every gun loaded and every ear on the watch, for who knew but what the wild sea-robbers might take a turn on land next? and in the dead of the night they heard a woman's loud and pitiful outcry from the marsh, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!' And the blood of all who heard the cry ran cold with terror, till old Nance Hickson, who had been stone-deaf and bed-ridden for years, stood up in the midst of the folk all gathered together in her grandson's house, and said that as they, the dwellers in Marblehead, had not had brave hearts or faith enough to go and succor the helpless, that cry of a dying woman should be in their ears, and in their children's ears, till the end of the world. And Nance dropped down dead as soon as she had made an end of speaking, and the pirates set sail from Marblehead at morning dawn: but the folk there hear the cry still, shrill and pitiful, from the waste marshes, 'Lord Jesu! have mercy on me! Save me from the power of man, O Lord Jesu!'"

"And by token," said Elder Hawkins's deep bass voice, speaking with the strong nasal twang of the Puritans (who, says Butler,

Blasphemed custard through the nose),

"godly Mr. Noyes ordained a fast at Marblehead, and preached a soul-stirring discourse on the words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these little ones, ye did it not unto me.' But it has been borne in upon me at times whether the whole vision of the pirates and the cry of the woman was not a device of Satan's to sift the Marblehead folk, and see what fruit their doctrine bore, and so to condemn them in the sight of the Lord. If it were so, the Enemy had a great triumph; for assuredly it was no part of Christian men to leave a helpless woman unaided in her sore distress."

"But, Elder," said Widow Smith, "it was no vision; they were real living men who went ashore—men who broke down branches and left their foot-marks on the ground."

"As for that matter, Satan hath many powers; and if it be the day when he is permitted to go about like a roaring lion, he will not stick at trifles, but make his work complete. I tell you many men are spiritual enemies in visible forms, permitted to roam about the waste places of the earth. I myself believe that these Red Indians are indeed the evil creatures of whom we read in Holy Scripture; and there is no doubt that they are in league with those abominable Papists, the French people in Canada. I have heard tell that the French pay the Indians so much gold for every dozen scalps off Englishmen's heads."

"Pretty cheerful talk this," said Captain Holdernesse to Lois, perceiving her blanched cheek and terror-stricken mien. "Thou art thinking that thou hadst better have staid at Barford, I'll answer for it, wench. But the devil is not so black as he is painted."

"Ho! there again!" said Elder Hawkins. "The devil is painted—it hath been said so from old times; and are not these Indians painted, even like unto their father?"

"But is it all true?" asked Lois, aside, of Captain Holdernesse, letting the Elder hold forth unheeded by her, though listened to, however, with the utmost reverence by the two daughters of the house.

"My wench," said the old sailor, "thou hast come to a country where there are many perils both from land and from sea. The Indians hate the white men. Whether other white men" (meaning the French away to the north) "have hounded on the savages, or whether the English have taken their lands and hunting-grounds without due recompense, and so raised the cruel vengeance of the wild creatures—who knows? But it is true that it is not safe to go far into the woods for fear of the lurking painted savages; nor has it been safe to build a dwelling far from the settlement; and it takes a brave heart to make a journey from one town to another, and folk do say the Indian creatures rise up out of the very ground to waylay the English; and then others affirm they are all in league with Satan to affright the Christians out of the heathen country over which he has reigned so long. Then, again, the sea-shore is infested by pirates, the scum of all nations: they land, and plunder, and ravage, and burn, and destroy. Folk get affrighted of the real dangers, and in their fright imagine, perchance, dangers that are not. But who knows? Holy Scripture speaks of witches and wizards, and of the power of the Evil One in desert places; and even in the old country we have heard tell of those who have sold their souls forever for the little power they get for a few years on earth."

By this time the whole table was silent, listening to the Captain; it was just one of those chance silences that sometimes occur, without any apparent reason, and often without any apparent consequence. But all present had reason, before many months had passed over, to remember the words which Lois spoke in answer, although her voice was low, and she only thought, in the interest of the moment, of being heard by her old friend the Captain.

"They are fearful creatures, the witches! and yet I am sorry for the poor old women, while I dread them. We had one in Barford when I was a little child. No one knew whence she came, but she settled herself down in a mud-hut by the common side; and there she lived, she and her cat." (At the mention of the cat Elder Hawkins shook his head long and gloomily.) "No one knew how she lived, if it were not on nettles and scraps of oat-meal and such-like food given her more for fear than for pity. She went double, always talking and muttering to herself. Folk said she snared birds and rabbits in the thicket that came down to her hovel. How it came to pass I can not say, but many a one fell sick in the village, and much cattle died one spring when I was about four years old. I never heard much about it, for my father said it was ill talking about such things; I only know I got a sick fright one afternoon when the maid had gone out for milk and had taken me with her, and we were passing a meadow where the Avon, circling, makes a deep round pool, and there was a crowd of folk, all still—and a still, breathless crowd makes the heart beat worse than a shouting, noisy one. They were all gazing toward the water, and the maid held me up in her arms to see the sight above the shoulders of the people; and I saw old Hannah in the water, her gray hair all streaming down her shoulders, and her face bloody and black with the stones and the mud they had been throwing at her, and her cat tied round her neck. I hid my face, I know, as soon as I saw the fearsome sight, for her eyes met mine as they were glaring with fury—poor, helpless, baited creature!—and she caught the sight of me, and cried out, 'Parson's wench, parson's wench, yonder, in thy nurse's arms, thy dad hath never tried for to save me, and none shall save thee when thou art brought up for a witch.' Oh! the words rang in my ears when I was dropping asleep for years after. I used to dream that I was in that pond, all men hating me with their eyes because I was a witch; and at times her black cat used to seem living again, and say over those dreadful words."

Lois stopped; the two daughters looked at her excitement with a kind of shrinking surprise, for the tears were in her eyes. Elder Hawkins shook his head, and muttered texts from Scripture; but cheerful Widow Smith, not liking the gloomy turn of the conversation, tried to give it a lighter cast by saying, "And I don't doubt but what the parson's bonny lass has bewitched many a one since with her dimples and her pleasant ways—eh, Captain Holdernesse? It's you must tell us tales of this young lass's doings in England."

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, "there's one under her charms in Warwickshire who will never get the better of it, I'm thinking."

Elder Hawkins rose to speak. He stood leaning on his hands, which were placed on the table: "Brethren," said he, "I must upbraid you if ye speak lightly; charms and witchcraft are evil things. I trust this maiden hath had nothing to do with them, even in thought. But my mind misgives me at her story. The hellish witch might have power from Satan to infect her mind, she being yet a child, with the deadly sin. Instead of vain talking, I call upon you all to join with me in prayer for this stranger in our land, that her heart may be purged from all iniquity. Let us pray."

"Come, there's no harm in that," said the Captain; "but, Elder Hawkins, when you are at work, just pray for us all, for I am afeard there be some of us need purging from iniquity a good deal more than Lois Barclay, and a prayer for a man never does mischief."

Captain Holdernesse had business in Boston which detained him there for a couple of days, and during that time Lois remained with the Widow Smith, seeing what was to be seen of the new land that contained her future home. The letter of her dying mother was sent off to Salem, meanwhile, by a traveler going thither, in order to prepare her Uncle Ralph Hickson for his niece's coming as soon as Captain Holdernesse could find leisure to take her; for he considered her given into his own personal charge until he could consign her to her uncle's care. When the time came for going to Salem, Lois felt very sad at leaving the kindly woman under whose roof she had been staying, and looked back as long as she could see any thing of Widow Smith's dwelling. She was packed into a rough kind of country cart which just held her and Captain Holdernesse besides the driver. There was a basket of provisions under their feet, and behind them hung a bag of provender for the horse; for it was a good day's journey to Salem, and the road was reputed so dangerous that it was ill tarrying a minute longer than necessary for refreshment. English roads were bad enough at that period and for long after, but in America the way was simply the cleared ground of the forest; the stumps of the felled trees still remaining in the direct line, forming obstacles which it required the most careful driving to avoid; and in the hollows, where the ground was swampy, the pulpy nature of it was obviated by logs of wood laid across the boggy part. The deep green forest, tangled into heavy darkness even thus early in the year, came within a few yards of the road all the way, although efforts were regularly made by the inhabitants of the neighboring settlements to keep a certain space clear on each side for fear of the lurking Indians, who might otherwise come upon them unawares. The cries of strange birds, the unwonted color of some of them, all suggested to the imaginative or unaccustomed traveler the idea of war-whoops and painted deadly enemies. But at last they drew near to Salem, which rivaled Boston in size in those days, and boasted the name of one or two streets, although to an English eye they looked rather more like irregularly built houses, clustered round the meeting-house, or rather one of the meeting-houses, for a second was in process of building. The whole place was surrounded with two circles of stockades; between the two were the gardens and grazing ground for those who dreaded their cattle straying into the woods, and the consequent danger of reclaiming them.

The lad who drove them flogged his spent horse into a trot as they went through Salem to Ralph Hickson's house. It was evening, the leisure time for the inhabitants, and their children were at play before the houses. Lois was struck by the beauty of one wee toddling child, and turned to look after it; it caught its little foot in a stump of wood, and fell with a cry that brought the mother out in affright. As she ran out, her eye caught Lois's anxious gaze, although the noise of the heavy wheels drowned the sound of her words of inquiry as to the nature of the hurt the child had received. Nor had Lois time to think long upon the matter, for the instant after, the horse was pulled up at the door of a good, square, substantial, wooden house, plastered over into a creamy white, perhaps as handsome a house as any in Salem; and there she was told by the driver that her uncle, Ralph Hickson, lived. In the flurry of the moment she did not notice, but Captain Holdernesse did, that no one came out at the unwonted sound of wheels, to receive and welcome her. She was lifted down by the old sailor, and led into a large room, almost like the hall of some English manor-house as to size. A tall, gaunt young man of three or four and twenty sat on a bench by one of the windows, reading a great folio by the fading light of day. He did not rise when they came in, but looked at them with surprise, no gleam of intelligence coming into his stern, dark face. There was no woman in the house-place. Captain Holdernesse paused a moment, and then said:

"Is this house Ralph Hickson's?"

"It is," said the young man, in a slow, deep voice. But he added no word further.

"This is his niece, Lois Barclay," said the Captain, taking the girl's arm, and pushing her forward. The young man looked at her steadily and gravely for a minute; then rose, and carefully marking the page in the folio which hitherto had lain open upon his knee, said, still in the same heavy, indifferent manner, "I will call my mother, she will know."

He opened a door which looked into a warm bright kitchen, ruddy with the light of the fire over which three women were apparently engaged in cooking something, while a fourth, an old Indian woman, of a greenish brown color, shriveled up and bent with apparent age, moved backward and forward, evidently fetching the others the articles they required.

"Mother," said the young man; and having arrested her attention, he pointed over his shoulder to the newly-arrived strangers, and returned to the study of his book, from time to time, however, furtively examining Lois from beneath his dark shaggy eyebrows.

A tall, largely made woman, past middle life, came in from the kitchen, and stood reconnoitering the strangers.

Captain Holdernesse spoke.

"This is Lois Barclay, Master Ralph Hickson's niece."

"I know nothing of her," said the mistress of the house, in a deep voice, almost as masculine as her son's.

"Master Hickson received his sister's letter, did he not? I sent it off myself by a lad named Elias Wellbeloved, who left Boston for this place yester morning."

"Ralph Hickson has received no such letter. He lies bedridden in the chamber beyond. Any letters for him must come through my hands; wherefore I can affirm with certainty that no such letter has been delivered here. His sister Barclay, she that was Henrietta Hickson, and whose husband took the oaths to Charles Stuart, and stuck by his living when all godly men left theirs—"

Lois, who had thought her heart was dead and cold a minute before at the ungracious reception she had met with, felt words come up into her mouth at the implied insult to her father, and spoke out, to her own and the Captain's astonishment:

"They might be godly men who left their churches on that day of which you speak, madam; but they alone were not the godly men, and no one has a right to limit true godliness for mere opinion's sake."

"Well said, lass," spoke out the Captain, looking round upon her with a kind of admiring wonder, and patting her on the back.

Lois and her aunt gazed into each other's eyes unflinchingly for a minute or two of silence; but the girl felt her color coming and going while the elder woman's never varied; and the eyes of the young maiden were filling fast with tears, while those of Grace Hickson kept on their stare, dry and unwavering.

"Mother!" said the young man, rising up with a quicker motion than any one had yet used in this house, "it is ill speaking of such matters when my cousin comes first among us. The Lord may give her grace hereafter, but she has traveled from Boston city to-day, and she and this sea-faring man must need rest and food."

He did not attend to see the effect of his words, but sat down again, and seemed to be absorbed in his book in an instant. Perhaps he knew that his word was law with his grim mother, for he had hardly ceased speaking before she had pointed to a wooden settle; and smoothing the lines on her countenance, she said, "What Manasseh says is true. Sit down here, while I bid Faith and Nattee get food ready; and meanwhile I will go tell my husband that one who calls herself his sister's child is come over to pay him a visit."

She went to the door leading into the kitchen, and gave some directions to the elder girl, whom Lois now knew to be the daughter of the house. Faith stood impassive while her mother spoke, scarcely caring to look at the newly-arrived strangers. She was like her brother Manasseh in complexion, but had handsomer features, and large, mysterious-looking eyes, as Lois saw, when once she lifted them up, and took in, as it were, the aspect of the sea-captain and her cousin with one swift, searching look. About the stiff, tall, angular mother, and the scarce less pliant figure of the daughter, a girl of twelve years old, or thereabouts, played all manner of impish antics, unheeded by them, as if it were her accustomed habit to peep about, now under their arms, now at this side, now at that, making grimaces all the while at Lois and Captain Holdernesse, who sat facing the door, weary, and somewhat disheartened by their reception. The Captain pulled out tobacco, and began to chew it by way of consolation; but in a moment or two his usual elasticity of spirit came to his rescue, and he said in a low voice to Lois:

"That scoundrel Elias, I will give it him! If the letter had but been delivered thou wouldst have had a different kind of welcome; but as soon as I have had some victuals I will go out and find the lad, and bring back the letter, and that will make all right, my wench. Nay, don't be downhearted, for I can not stand women's tears. Thou'rt just worn out with the shaking and the want of food."

Lois brushed away her tears, and looking round to try and divert her thoughts by fixing them on present objects, she caught her cousin Manasseh's deep-set eyes furtively watching her. It was with no unfriendly gaze, yet it made Lois uncomfortable, particularly as he did not withdraw his looks after he must have seen that she observed him. She was glad when her aunt called her into an inner room to see her uncle, and she escaped from the steady observance of her gloomy, silent cousin.

Ralph Hickson was much older than his wife, and his illness made him look older still. He had never had the force of character that Grace, his spouse, possessed, and age and indisposition had now rendered him almost childish at times. But his nature was affectionate, and stretching out his trembling arms from where he lay bedridden, he gave Lois an unhesitating welcome, never waiting for the confirmation of the missing letter before he acknowledged her to be his niece.

"Oh! 'tis kind in thee to come all across the sea to make acquaintance with thine uncle; kind in Sister Barclay to spare thee!"

Lois had to tell him that there was no one living to miss her at home in England; that in fact she had no home in England, no father nor mother left upon earth; and that she had been bidden by her mother's last words to seek him out, and ask him for a home. Her words came up, half choked, from a heavy heart, and his dulled wits could not take their meaning in without several repetitions; and then he cried like a child, rather at his own loss of a sister, whom he had not seen for more than twenty years, than at that of the orphan's standing before him, trying hard not to cry, but to start bravely in this new strange home. What most of all helped Lois in her self-restraint was her aunt's unsympathetic look. Born and bred in New England, Grace Hickson had a kind of jealous dislike to her husband's English relations, which had increased since of late years his weakened mind yearned after them, and he forgot the good reason he had had for his self-exile, and moaned over the decision which had led to it as the great mistake of his life. "Come," said she, "it strikes me that in all this sorrow for the loss of one who died full of years ye are forgetting in Whose hands life and death are!"

True words, but ill-spoken at that time. Lois looked up at her with a scarcely disguised indignation; which increased as she heard the contemptuous tone in which her aunt went on talking to Elias Hickson, even while she was arranging his bed with a regard to his greater comfort.

"One would think thou wert a godless man by the moan thou art always making over spilt milk, and truth is, thou art but childish in thine old age. When we were wed, thou left all things to the Lord; I would never have married thee else. Nay, lass," said she, catching the expression on Lois's face, "thou art never going to brow-beat me with thine angry looks. I do my duty as I read it, and there is never a man in Salem that dare speak a word to Grace Hickson about either her works or her faith. Godly Mr. Cotton Mather hath said that even he might learn of me; and I would advise thee rather to humble thyself, and see if the Lord may not convert thee from thy ways, since he has sent thee to dwell, as it were, in Zion, where the precious dew falls on Aaron's beard."

Lois felt ashamed and sorry to find that her aunt had so truly interpreted the momentary expression of her features; she blamed herself a little for the feeling that had caused that expression, trying to think how much her aunt might have been troubled with something before the unexpected irruption of the strangers, and again hoping that the remembrance of this little misunderstanding would soon pass away. So she endeavored to reassure herself, and not to give way at her uncle's tender trembling pressure of her hand, as, at her aunt's bidding, she wished him good night, and returned into the outer, or "keeping"-room, where all the family were now assembled, ready for the meal of flour cakes and venison-steaks which Nattee, the Indian servant, was bringing in from the kitchen. No one seemed to have been speaking to Captain Holdernesse while Lois had been away. Manasseh sat quiet and silent where he did, with the book open upon his knee, his eyes thoughtfully fixed on vacancy, as if he saw a vision or dreamed dreams. Faith stood by the table, lazily directing Nattee in her preparations; and Prudence lolled against the door-frame, between kitchen and keeping-room, playing tricks on the old Indian woman as she passed backward and forward, till Nattee appeared to be in a strong state of expressed irritation, which she tried in vain to repress, as whenever she showed any sign of it Prudence only seemed excited to greater mischief. When all was ready Manasseh lifted his right hand and "asked a blessing," as it was termed; but the grace became a long prayer for abstract spiritual blessings for strength to combat Satan and to quench his fiery darts, and at length assumed, so Lois thought, a purely personal character, as if the young man had forgotten the occasion, and even the people present, but was searching into the nature of the diseases that beset his own sick soul, and spreading them out before the Lord. He was brought back by a pluck at the coat from Prudence; he opened his shut eyes, cast an angry glance at the child, who made a face at him for all reply, and then he sat down, and they all fell to. Grace Hickson would have thought her hospitality sadly at fault if she had allowed Captain Holdernesse to go out in search of a bed. Skins were spread for him on the floor of the keeping-room; a Bible and a square bottle of spirits were placed on the table to supply his wants during the night; and in spite of all the cares and troubles, temptations or sins of the members of that household, they were all asleep before the town-clock struck ten.

In the morning the Captain's first care was to go out in search of the boy Elias and the missing letter. He met the boy bringing it with an easy conscience, for, thought Elias, a few hours sooner or later will make no difference; to-night or the morrow morning will be all the same. But he was startled into a sense of wrong-doing by a sound box on the ears from the very man who had charged him to deliver it speedily, and whom he believed to be at that very moment in Boston city.

The letter delivered, all possible proof being given that Lois had a right to claim a home from her nearest relations, Captain Holdernesse thought it best to take leave.

"Thou'lt take to them, lass, maybe, when there is no one here to make thee think on the old country. Nay, nay! parting is hard work at all times, and best get hard work done out of hand. Keep up thine heart, my wench, and I'll come back and see thee next spring, if we are all spared till then; and who knows what fine young miller mayn't come with me? Don't go and get wed to a praying Puritan, meanwhile. There, there—I'm off! God bless thee!"

And Lois was left alone in New England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATE ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL.

THE late Mr. Brunel was the son of a French engineer, who, having left his country at the time of the first French Revolution, came to this country, constructed many important engineering works, and finally returned to England, where he settled. His genius soon secured for him a prominent place among the engineers of the day. He was the originator and contriver of the famous Thames Tunnel, a dry path-way under the bed of the Thames river, which, though a failure in a commercial point of view, remains nevertheless one of the most remarkable engineering works in the world. Mr. Brunel the elder married in England. His son, Isambard Kingdom, was born at Plymouth in 1806, was educated at Caen, in Normandy, and, when his education was complete, became his father's assistant. He was the superintendent of the works on the Thames Tunnel. More than once during the excavation of that remarkable tunnel a defect in the rock above caused the waters to rush in upon the workmen, and half-drowned every one in the tunnel. Young Brunel was on one occasion washed fairly out of the tunnel by the resistless rush of the waters, and barely escaped alive.

The skill he developed as resident engineer of this work brought him into general notice, and he obtained the position of engineer of the Great Western and other leading British railways. He also built a number of bridges in England, among others the Hungerford bridge, a suspension one, across the Thames. Quite lately he was Mr. Stephenson's associate and assistant in the construction and establishment of the tubular bridges which have become so famous. While, however, he was engaged in laying down tracks for railways, cutting tunnels through mountain ridges, and building bridges over rivers, he was maturing a scheme for a gigantic steamship which should astonish the world and revolutionize steam navigation.

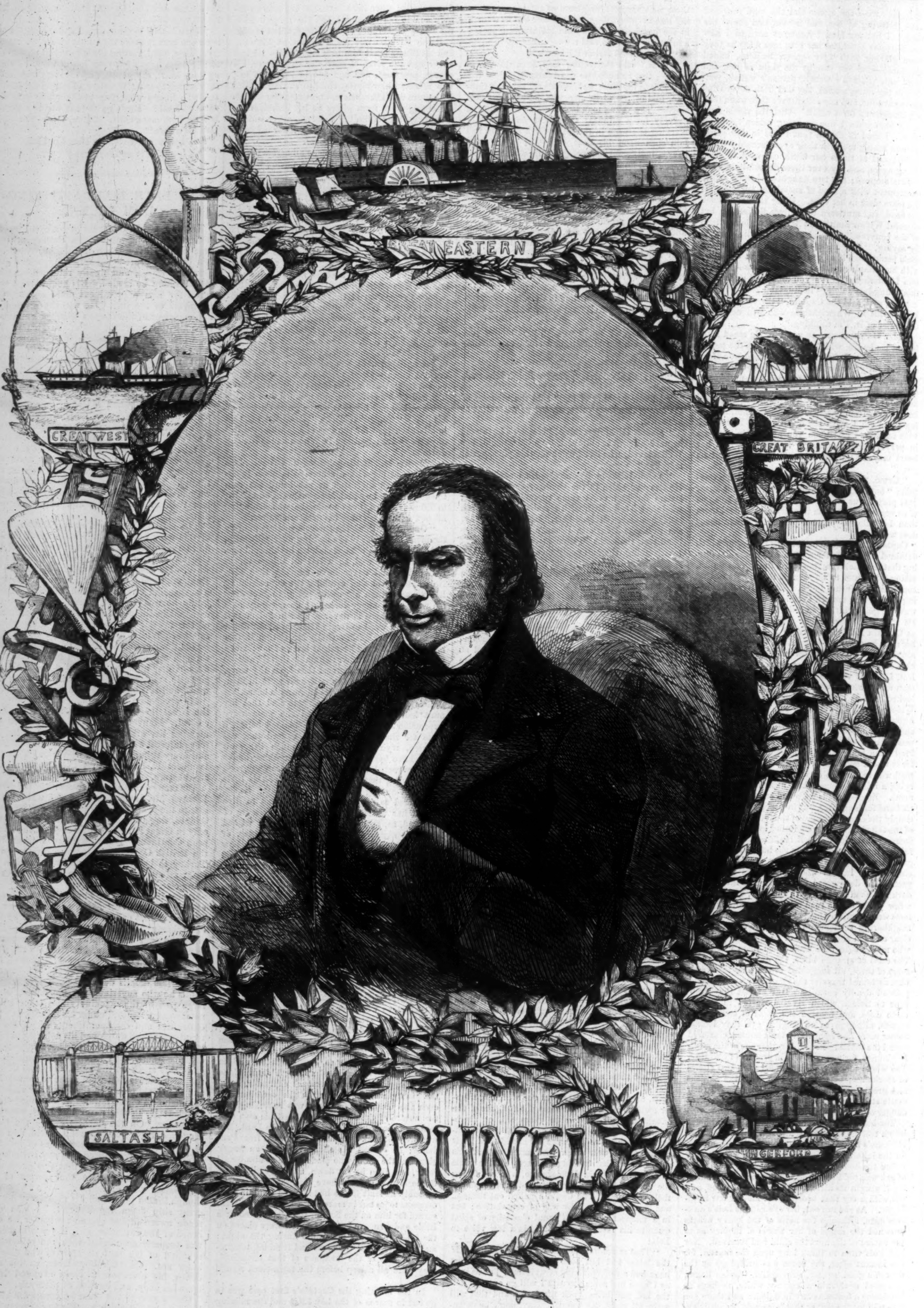
He succeeded in his aim. His steamship—the *Great Western*—was built, and proved successful. Many who read these lines will remember her arrival in New York, and the intense interest which attached to her, her builder, and every thing connected with her. This was Isambert K. Brunel's first triumph in marine architecture.

For many years after the success of the *Great Western* Mr. Brunel devoted his whole energies to the practice of his profession. He built bridges, dug tunnels, laid down railroads, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the European Continent. During the late Crimean War the British Government induced him to go to Turkey to build a grand military hospital on strict scientific principles; in this, as in every thing else, he succeeded.

It was in 1844, as we have said, that his conception of the *Great Eastern*, or, *Leviathan*, as she was at first called, took shape, and he laid his scheme before Mr. Scott Russell. Ever since the plan was adopted, and the construction of the vessel began, Mr. Brunel's time has been occupied with the work. Though the building proper was the work of Mr. Russell, numberless details devolved upon Mr. Brunel; it was he who superintended the launch, and a large part of the machinery and other equipment was constructed under his directions. The difficulties and disappointments which the enterprise involved developed his noblest qualities. When—as we shall hereafter have occasion to describe—dark days befell the enterprise, the great ship stuck on the ways, the press derided the futile efforts that were made to launch her, and the stockholders in the Company railed at the engineers whose failures were ruining them, Isambert K. Brunel never lost hope, courage, or temper. On the darkest day of the *Great Eastern's* career he was serene, placid, and confident; the angriest remonstrances of ignorant stockholders never caused him any irritation.

It is very sad to think that this great man should have died before the success of his experiment was established. We know that though illness prevented his accompanying the great ship down the Thames, he was duly made aware of her success; whether he ever heard of the explosion, and, if yes, whether he was properly acquainted with the evidence it supplied of the real strength of the ship we know not. On 16th September, at his residence, his overwrought brain avenged itself upon his body, and he died of paralysis.

Only a year or two since he escaped a singular and inglorious death. He was playing with the child of a friend, and to amuse it was throwing sovereigns into his mouth, and pretending to make them disappear with the conjuror's cry of Presto. He threw one sovereign into his mouth with such force that it entered the gullet, and stuck there, edgewise, wholly closing the passage. Friends who were called were unable to remove it; and had the doctor, who was sent for, been delayed a few minutes later,



the great engineer would have been a corpse when he arrived.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells the following story in illustration of his coolness:

"The death of Isambard Brunel has excited much sympathy. The verdict on him might be 'Killed by the *Great Eastern*,' but less by the anxiety consequent upon the completion and starting of the big ship than by the mortification and disappointment at the cost and bungling of her launching. With that daring independence or rather defiance of settled opinion, which distinguished Brunel, he had made arrangements for the moving o the *Great Eastern* to the water which were in contradiction with many doctrines hitherto accepted as axioms i ship-launching. Mr. Scott Russell made an offer to the Company to contract for the launching for an expense of £15,000. Mr. Brunel pooh-poohed the figure as needlessly costly. His own arrangements cost the Company close on £100,000. Yet he never swerved after once determining on his course. Audacity was one leading feature of Brunel's engineering character. I heard an anecdote which illustrates this strikingly. Brunel held views in contradiction to those of his brethren, as to the employment of a peculiar kind of Roman cement in railway bridge building. Other engineers objected to its use, as it hardened too fast to allow the work to settle properly. Not so Brunel. Trusting to his own view, he used this mortar in one of the first large bridges constructed by them for the Great Western line. It fell soon after its erection. Brunel entered the room where the directors were assembled, in discomfited conclave, to discuss the accident. 'I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the fall of —— bridge,' was Brunel's entry on the subject. 'Congratulate us! on an accident involving disaster and the loss of —— pounds?' was the angry and amazed rejoinder. 'Certainly,' said Brunel, coolly. 'I was just about to put up two hundred bridges on the same principle.'"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

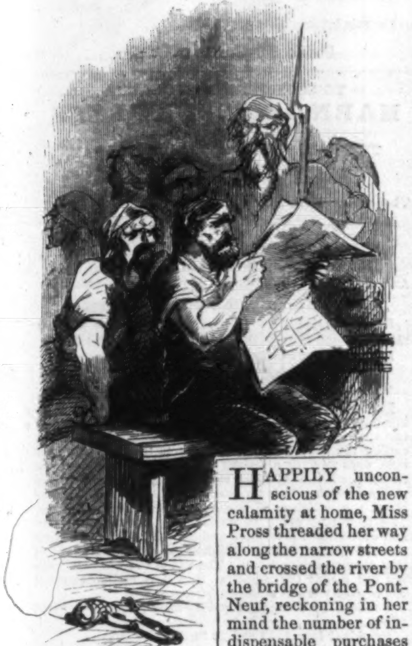
By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAND AT CARDS.



HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threaded her way along the narrow streets and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side. They both looked to the right and to the left into most of the shops they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths worked, making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* Army, or got undeserved promotion in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine they wanted. After peeping into several wine-shops, she stopped at the sign of The Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of things rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description they had passed, and though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher, and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers fallen forward asleep, who in the popular high-shouldered, shaggy black spencer, looked in that attitude like slumbering bears or dogs; the two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to face Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her than Miss Pross uttered a scream and clapped her hands.

In a moment the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion was the likeliest occurrence. Every body looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing transfixed, staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anti-climax by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as so much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But they had no ears for any thing in their surprise. For it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation, but Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder and perplexity.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream, speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not setting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your meddlesome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out, too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said not a word, however, and Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street-corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from," cried Miss Pross, "to give me such a greeting, and show me no affection!"

"There. Con-found it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head, and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I know of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest of men in his native country, an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his—"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it! You want to be the death of me. I shall be rendered Suspect by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The gracious and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I never see you again, dear Solomon, though I have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

Poor, good Miss Pross! As if the estrangement between them had come of any culpability of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not known it for a fact, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension and patronage than he could have shown if their relative merits and positions had been reversed (which is invariably the case, all the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

"I say! Might I ask the favor? Whether your name is John Solomon, or Solomon John?"

The official turned toward him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come!" said Mr. Cruncher. "Speak out, you know." (Which, by-the-way, was more than he could do himself.) "John Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And *I* know you're John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That warn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No!" sneered Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thousand pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as he might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was well, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here to beg a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake—Mr. Barsad understands me—he was a man, and not a Sheep of the Prisons."

Sheep was the cant word of the time for a spy, under the jailers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I lighted on you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connection, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your unreserved conversation, and the rumor openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, what I had done at random seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain in the street. Could you favor me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that!"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"You mean that you won't say, Sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practiced eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have led up so pleasantly to a little proposal that I wish to make for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come, then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterward, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm, and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendly reassurances, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their blaze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, Sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton, coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I pass to worse news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him safe and free within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority possible, Sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother Sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was loss of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the name and influence of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?—"

"Yes; I believe so."

"—In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you I am shaken, Mr. Lorry, by Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

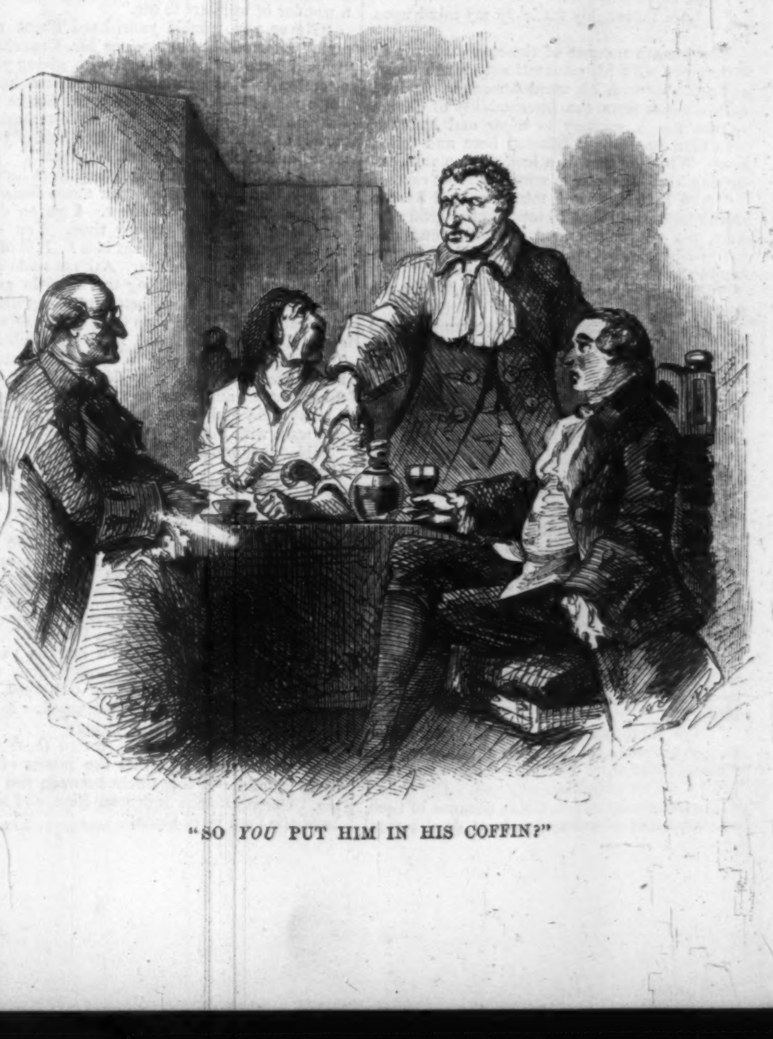
"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win is Mr. Barsad."

"You need have good cards, Sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over," returned Sydney: "I'll see what I hold.—Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful—drank off another glassful—pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on thoughtfully, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"



"SO *YOU* PUT HIM IN HIS COFFIN?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honorable employment in England through too much unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there: our English reasons for vaunting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there: gradually as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to familiar conversation with the Defarges; had tried them on Madame Defarge, and had broken down with them signally. He always remembered with fear and trembling that that terrible woman had knitted when he talked with her, and had looked ominously at him as her fingers moved. He had since seen her, in the Section of Saint Antoine, over and over again produce her knitted registers, and denounce people whose lives the guillotine then surely swallowed up. He knew, as every one employed as he was did, that he was never safe; that flight was impossible; that he was tied fast under the shadow of the axe; and that in spite of his utmost tergiversation and treachery in furtherance of the reigning terror, a word might bring it down upon him. Once denounced, and on such grave grounds as had just now been suggested to his mind, he foresaw that the dreadful woman of whose unrelenting character he had seen many proofs, would produce against him that fatal register, and would quash his last chance of life. Besides that all secret men are men soon terrified, here were surely cards enough of one black suit to justify the holder in growing rather livid as he turned them over.

"You scarcely seem to like your hand," said Sydney, with composure. "Do you play?"

"I think, Sir," said the spy, in the meanest manner, as he turned to Mr. Lorry, "I may appeal to a gentleman of your years and benevolence, to put it to this other gentleman, so much your junior, whether he can under any circumstance reconcile it to his station to play that Ace of which he has spoken. I admit that *I* am a spy, and that it is considered a discreditable station—though it must be filled by somebody; but this gentleman is no spy, and why should he so demean himself as to make himself one?"

"I play my Ace, Mr. Barsad," said Carton, taking the answer on himself, and looking at his watch, "without any scruple, in fifteen minutes."

"I should have hoped, gentlemen both," said the spy, always striving to hook Mr. Lorry into the discussion, "that your respect for my sister—"

"I could not better testify my respect for your sister than by finally relieving her of her brother," said Sydney Carton.

"You think not, Sir?"

"I have thoroughly made up my mind upon it."

The smooth manner of the spy, curiously in dissonance with his ostentatiously rough dress, and probably with his usual demeanor, received such a check from the inscrutability of Carton—who was a mystery to wiser and honester men than he—that it faltered here and failed him. While he was at a loss, Carton said, resuming his former air of contemplating cards:

"And indeed, now I think again, I have a strong impression that I have another good card here, not yet enumerated. That friend and fellow-Sheep, who spoke of himself as pasturing in the country prisons; who was he?"

"French. You don't know him," said the spy, quickly.

"French, eh?" repeated Carton, musing, and not appearing to notice him at all, though he echoed his word. "Well; he may be."

"Is, I assure you," said the spy; "though it's not important."

"Though it's not important," repeated Carton, in the same mechanical way; though it's not important— No, it's not important. No. Yet I know the face."

"I think not. I am sure not. It can't be," said the spy.

"It—can't—be," muttered Sydney Carton, retrospectively, and filling his glass (which fortunately was a small one) again. "Can't—be. Spoke good French. Yet like a foreigner, I thought?"

"Provincial," said the spy.

"No. Foreign!" cried Carton, striking his open hand on the table, as a light broke clearly on his mind. "Cly! Disguised, but the same man. We had that man before us at the Old Bailey."

"Now there you are hasty, Sir," said Barsad, with a smile that gave his aquiline nose an extra inclination to one side; "there you really give me an advantage over you. Cly (who I will unreservedly admit, at this distance of time, was a partner of mine) has been dead several years. I attended him in his last illness. He was buried in London, at the church of Saint Pancras-in-the-Fields. His unpopularity with the blackguard multitude at the moment prevented my following his remains, but I helped to lay him in his coffin."

Here Mr. Lorry became aware, from where he sat, of a most remarkable goblin shadow on the wall. Tracing it to its source, he discovered it to be caused by a sudden extraordinary rising and stiffening of all the risen and stiff hair on Mr. Cruncher's head.

"Let us be reasonable," said the spy, "and let us be fair. To show you how mistaken you are, and what an unfounded assumption yours is, I will lay before you the certificate of Cly's burial, which I happen to have carried in my pocket-book"—with a hurried hand he produced and opened it—"ever since. There it is. Oh, look at it, look at it! You may take it in your hand; it's no forgery."

Here Mr. Lorry perceived the reflection on the wall to elongate, and Mr. Cruncher rose and stepped forward. His hair could not have been more violently on end if it had been that moment dressed by the Cow with the crumpled horn in the house that Jack built.

Unseen by the spy, Mr. Cruncher stood at his side, and touched him on the shoulder like a ghostly bailiff.

"That there Roger Cly, master," said Mr. Cruncher, with a taciturn and iron-bound visage. "So *you* put him in his coffin?"

"I did."

"Who took him out of it?"

Barsad leaned back in his chair, and stammered, "What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Cruncher, "that he warn't never in it. No! Not he! I'll have my head took off if he was ever in it."

The spy looked round at the two gentlemen; they both looked in unspeakable astonishment at Jerry.

"I tell you," said Jerry, "that you buried paving-stones and earth in that there coffin. Don't go and tell *me* that you buried Cly. It was a take in. Me and two more knows it."

"How do you know it?"

"What's that to you? Ecod!" growled Mr. Cruncher, "it's you I have got a old grudge again, is it, with your shameful impositions upon tradesmen! I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

Sydney Carton, who, with Mr. Lorry, had been lost in amazement at this turn of the business, here requested Mr. Cruncher to moderate and explain himself.

"At another time, Sir," he returned, evasively, "the present time is ill-conwenient for explainin'. What I stand to is, that he knows well wot that there Cly was never in that there coffin. Let him say he was, in so much as a word of one syllable, and I'll either catch hold of his throat and choke him for half a guinea"—Mr. Cruncher repeated this as quite a liberal offer—"or I'll out and announce him."

"Humph! I see one thing," said Carton. "I hold another card, Mr. Barsad. Impossible, here in raging Paris, with Suspicion filling the air, for you to outlive denunciation, when you are in communication with another aristocratic spy of the same antecedents as yourself, who, moreover, has the mystery about him of having feigned death and come to life again! A plot in the prison of the foreigner against the Republic. A strong card—a certain Guillotine card! Do you play?"

"No!" returned the spy. "I throw up. I confess that we were so unpopular with the outrageous mob, that I only got away from England at the risk of being ducked to death, and that Cly was so ferreted up and down, that he never would have got away at all but for that sham. Though how this man knows it was a sham is a wonder of wonders to me."

"Never you trouble your head about this man," retorted the contentious Mr. Cruncher; "you'll have trouble enough with giving your attention to that gentleman. And look here! Once more!"—Mr. Cruncher could not be restrained from making rather an ostentatious parade of his liberality—"I'd catch hold of your throat and choke you for half a guinea."

The Sheep of the prisons turned from him to Sydney Carton, and said, with more decision, "It has come to a point now. I go on duty soon, and can't overstay my time. You told me you had a proposal; what is it? It is of no use asking too much of me. Ask me to do any thing in my office, putting my head in great extra danger, and I had better trust my life to the chances of refusal than the chances of consent. In short, I should make that choice. You talk of desperation. We are all desperate here. Remember! I may denounce you if I think proper, and I can swear my way through a stone wall, and so can others. Now, what do you want with me?"

"Not very much. You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I tell you once for all, there is no such thing as an escape possible," said the spy, firmly.

"Why need you tell me what I have not asked?" was the placid retort. "You are a turnkey at the Conciergerie?"

"I am sometimes."

"You can be when you choose?"

"I can pass in and out when I choose."

During this short dialogue and its pauses Sydney Carton had filled another glass with brandy, had poured it slowly out upon the hearth, had watched it as it dropped. It was all spent now, and he said, rising:

"So far we have spoken before these two, because it was as well that the merits of the cards should not rest solely between you and me. Come into the dark room here, and let us have one final word alone."

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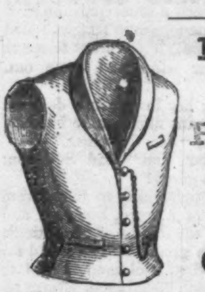

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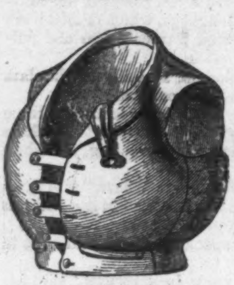

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